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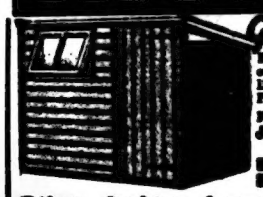

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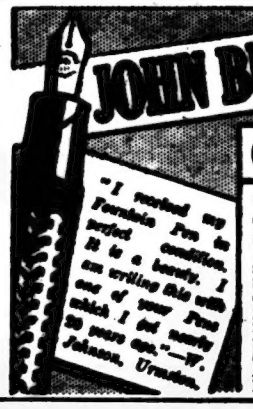
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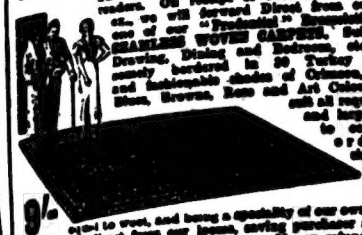

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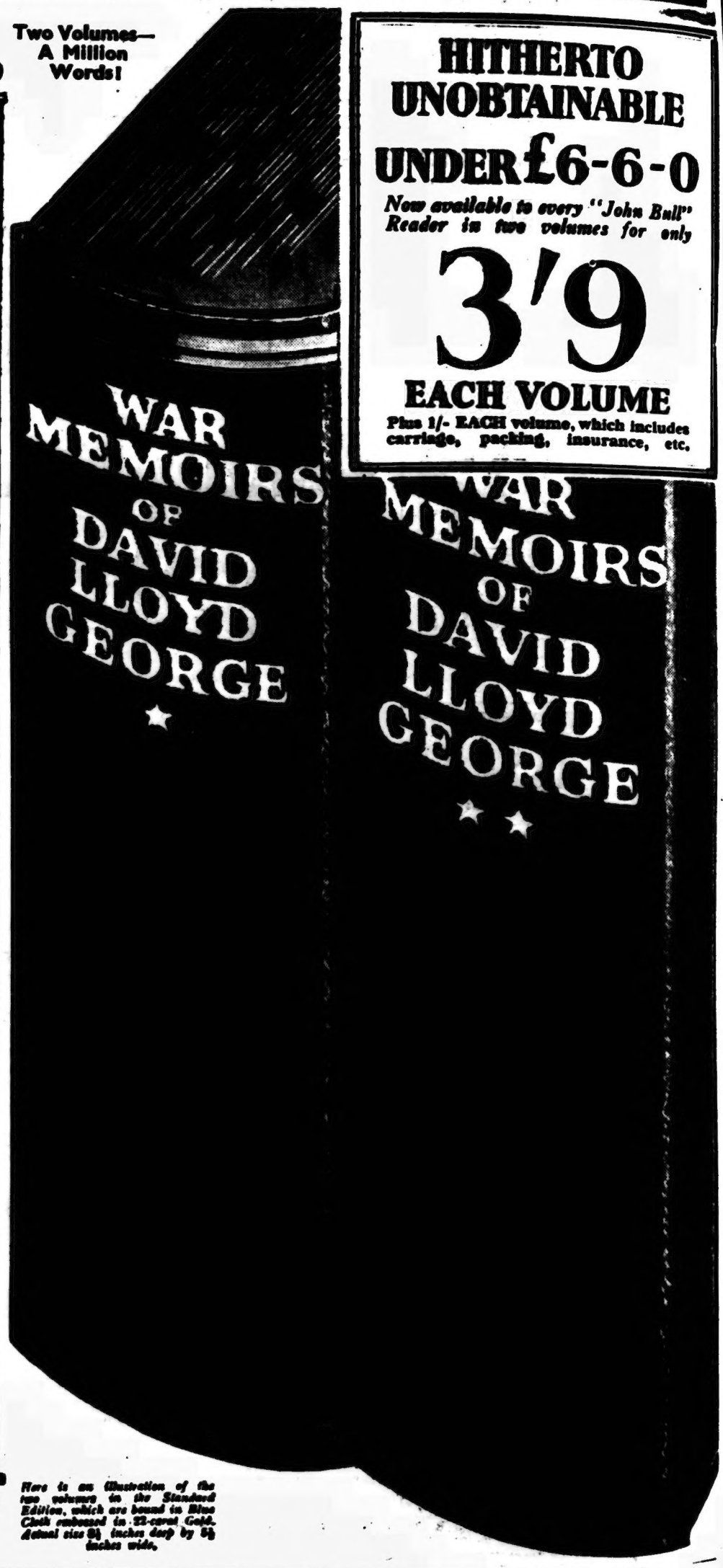

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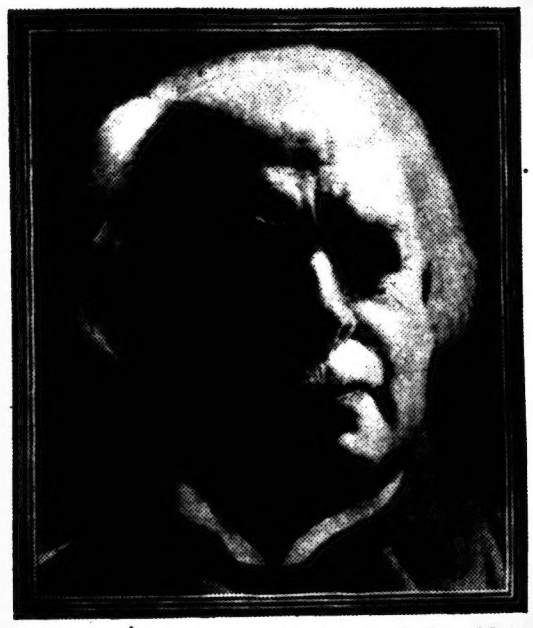

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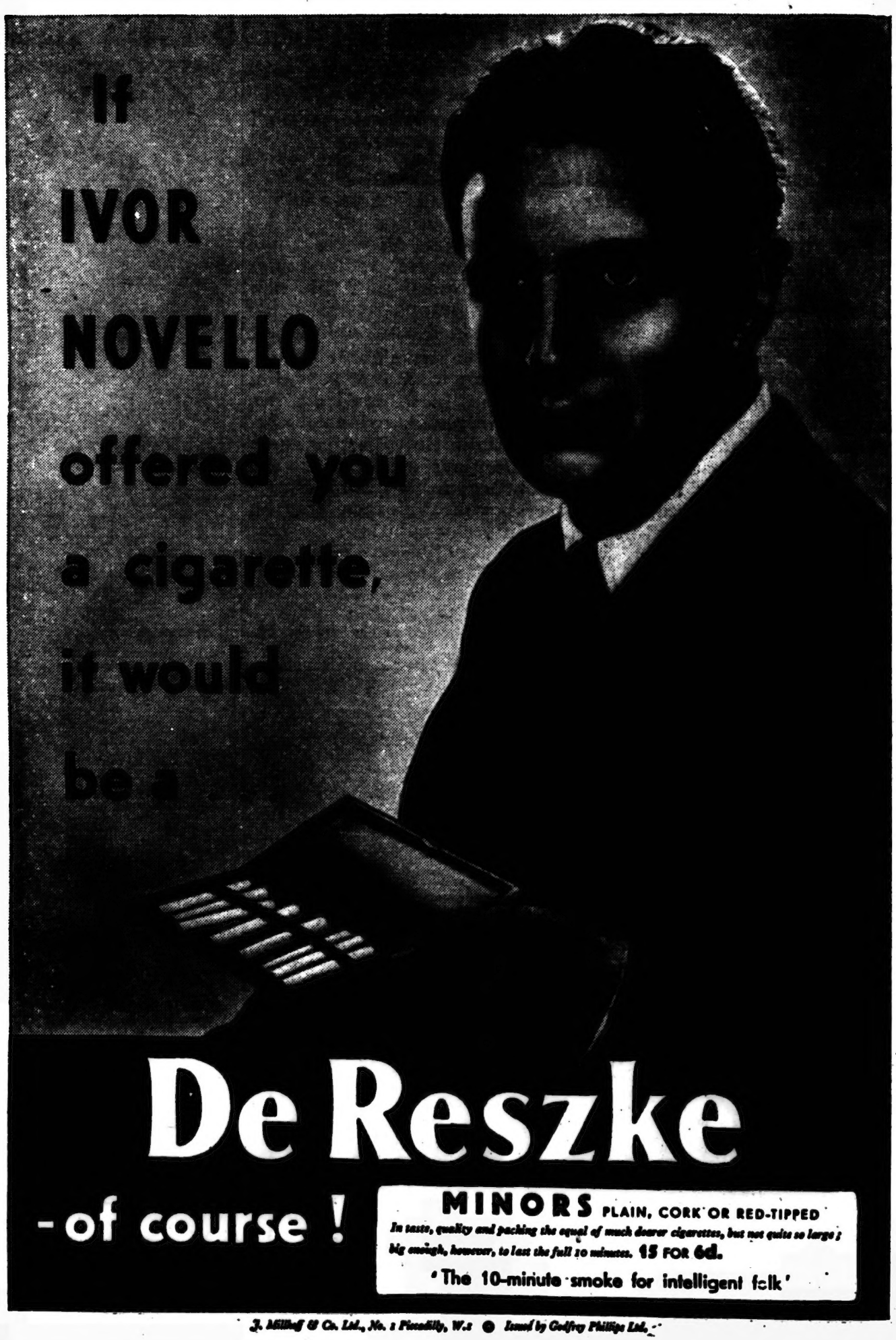

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Our Ananias Food Index is Lying Again
Stop Your Tinkering, Mr. Morrison!
Tell the World about Britain

PROCLAIM Britain's faith to the world! Express our belief in liberty and democracy! Do it as warmly as dictators trumpet totalitarianism!

That was Mr. Eden's advice the other day.

Take it, Mr. Chamberlain. Tell the world of Britain's ideals and aspirations.

Tipped the Wink

Mr. Chamberlain has shown himself ready to speak up for peace. He should speak up for Britain, too—even though he daren't speak up for himself.

He can't face an election this year.

Simon's Budget certainly didn't look like a vote-catching device.

Douglas Hacking, Conservative headquarters boss, has now tipped the wink that there'll be no appeal to the country for at least twelve months.

Platform Plank

Workers, see that your holidays with pay are not held up to make an election stunt.

The Amulree Committee said that paid holidays should be yours by law within three years.

Ministers, however, may think them an attractive plank for their election platform.

If so, instead of getting them in three years, you will have to wait four, perhaps five!

Roundabout

While the Government asks local authorities to help fill out its five-year plan, the Government's supporters clamour for cuts in local spending.

A roundabout attack this on the social services. British local government is not extravagant. Much of its expenditure is on vital needs like health and education.

No Cuts

Reform the rating system, yes. Iron out gross inequalities between rich and poor districts, between big and small ratepayers. But don't lop the total!

The Government boasts that the arms programme has meant no cuts in the social services.

This must hold good of local as well as national spending.

Lying Index

It should hold good, too, of unemployment pay.

Food prices were rising so steeply at the beginning of last winter that the Unemployment Assistance Board, on a tip from the Government, granted discretionary increases of relief.

These are now stopped. Winter, says Mr. Ernest Brown, is over, and food prices are down again.

Yes, down—on a fallacious index. An index based on foods too dear for the workless to buy.

Put Them Back

And even so, down only two points. The figure is 158 now, against 160 on November 1. This time last year it was 154.

Food prices fall a third of the way; but extra relief drops to zero.

All right, all right, the Government answers testily, we'll put the cuts back—next winter. Put them back now, Mr. Brown!

Price of Coal

The unemployed can at least breathe the fresh air. Nearly 700,000 of our countrymen toil underground in coal mines.

The Markham death-roll is another tragic reminder of the price paid by miners for the nation's coal.

Make Pits Safe

A Royal Commission on Mining Safety has been sitting for over two years.

A big job, the first large-scale enquiry on the subject since 1911. The time will not be grudged if the work is well done.

The report will be ready shortly. As soon as Ministers get it they must act. Make the pits safe!

Vanishing Allotments

The number of allotments goes down year by year.

True, acreage has declined only 3 per cent. since 1930.

But it is a fall where there ought to be a rise.

A fall in the already scanty chances for townsmen to enjoy contact with the soil. A fall, too, in the nation's home-grown food supply.

Mr. Morrison was asked to facilitate the purchase of land by allotment associations. No, said Mr. Morrison, Parliament has no time. Make time, Mr. Morrison!

The Tinkers

When are Mr. Morrison and his colleagues going to stop tinkering with the water problem?

A few weeks ago floods menaced the East of England. Now it's drought!

Crops and stock have been threatened. Water supplies are running out.

Share Out Water

Four years ago the Government granted £1,000,000 to help rural water schemes.

That has all gone. More must be found. But make the new grant part of a national plan for conserving surplus supplies and distributing them when and where they are needed.

Luxury Justice

Since economy is in the air, JOHN BULL makes a suggestion.

Cut the costs of litigation!

Legal fees in a case decided in the House of Lords the other day amounted to £14,000.

At such prices, justice is not a right, but a rich man's luxury.

Here is a step in the right direction. Claims between £100 and £200 are being taken from High Court to County Courts. Excellent.

But don't stop there.

Two Standards

Another legal advance is the empowering of quarter sessions to appoint legally qualified and paid chairmen and deputy-chairmen.

But such appointments will be at the option of each county. That is a mistake.

They must be compulsory. Otherwise, English criminal justice will be on a two-standard basis: professional in one county, amateur next-door.

Put this Right

But while we're busy on new reforms, let's see that old ones work. "Domestic courts" are not being run as intended.

Under the Act passed last year, domestic proceedings are required to be heard separately from other business.

The intention was that special afternoons should be set aside for these husband-and-wife cases, and that they should be conducted in a "round-table" atmosphere.

Flouting Act

Actually they are merely being heard at the end of ordinary business, and strict legal procedure is followed.

Parliament's purpose ought not to be defeated in this way. The Courts must be instructed to carry out the Act's intentions.

Cycle-Trains

Fewer cars, more bikes! And a new way of riding them!

The railways have started cycling-excursion trains from London. They take you and your bike to the country, leave you to take a spin during the day, and bring you back at night.

Sprawling London

Splendid! But what an ironical comment on London's mad growth.

"A day in the country" to Londoners now means half a day getting there and back.

The quicker the means of getting there, the farther away it gets. If you're cycling, it means terrible road risks, too.

Stop London's sprawl. Plan the Home Counties!

Dearer Holidays

Holidays in many resorts this year are going to cost more. Apartment minimum charges up from 4s. to 4s. 6d. a day; board-residence from 7s. 6d. to 8s.

Make no mistake. As the paid holiday movement grows, these charges will go up all round

There is only one sensible solution. Stagger holidays! Provide more camps, hostels and lodgings. Fight the accommodation rings!

Sunday Opening

For this year, Glasgow becomes a holiday resort. But, Scotsmen, you must open your Exhibition on Sundays!

You have not spent all that money and labour merely to show the Empire to yourselves. You want to bring the world to Scotland

Shutting Us Out

Millions of us can visit the Exhibition only at week-ends. You are shutting us out on the one day we can come!

But don't open on Sunday at the expense of your staffs. The public must—and can—be served without injuring those who serve them.

Bernard Newman

No more proud boasts of free speech! No more assertions by our Ministers that this is the land of liberty!

Threat of dismissal from the Civil Service, it is revealed, has been made to an official, Mr. Bernard Newman, who has written a book on Central Europe.

If he dares to publish it, even under an assumed name—out he goes.

Mr. Newman doesn't work in a department concerned with foreign affairs, so his book could not possibly be interpreted abroad as a semi-official account. In any case, he is an established author.

His case is just one more example of official spying on employees.

Significant, too, that hints have been dropped about restricting the freedom of the Press.

Interference, whether concerned with a citizen's private affairs or a great newspaper, cannot be tolerated.

What are our M.P.s going to do about it?

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

We want to know . . .!
What you are thinking about.
Interesting things you've seen.
Interesting things you've done.
So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner ..... *Page 13*
Sir Wyndham Childs .. *Page 15*
True Story ..... *Page 26*
Greatest of These— .. *Page 26*
Human Documents .. *Page 28*

ANOTHER heart-breaking pit disaster! This time the Markham pit, one of the best in the country.

My friend, who was in a similar disaster recently, tells me that when five or more men are killed in such accidents the happening assumes the importance of being called a National Disaster.

That means that the company is absolved from responsibility—that the relatives are dependent on a national fund. Why?—John M. Whyte, 10, Risk Street, Glasgow.

Miners' Federation tells us this is one of those misconceptions that persist, that can't be destroyed. Death-roll doesn't affect a firm's compensation responsibilities. Point is that when many are killed town is unable to help itself and need of a national effort arises.

Draw the Blinds!

I am no prude, but in these days when male shop assistants have to shop-window-dress female dummies with the flimsiest of "undies"—with people of both sexes and all ages passing in the street—I think the blinds should be decently drawn. — H. Double, 16, Walnut Tree Walk, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Third Degree

We are the last people who should rant about the American "Third Degree" as applied to Chicago thugs.

A lorry was being lifted to extricate a mangled child. Near by the driver, half fainting, was being questioned in a state of terrible distress. He was surrounded by a gaping crowd. It is usually thus.

How merciful we are about the Capone kind. Yet we can't give an innocent man a minute of privacy in the most terrible moment of his life.—Ex-Driver W. Evans, 28, Warwick Road, Welling, Kent.

A matter that might well be dealt with at the chief constables' conference.

Puzzled Mother

We are being told by the placards of the National Fitness people to "*make* time to play." As the mother of two young children, I want to ask "How?"

It wouldn't make for fit children, would it, to leave them unattended? But perhaps the Government doesn't want mothers to be fit.—Mrs. M. R. Hamilton, 29, King's Place, Rosyth, Fife.

In many districts organisations will undertake to watch the babies of mothers who are ill. In some places baby-watchers can be got to enable parents to have evenings out. But we know of no organised effort to enable a harassed mother to seek health in open-air games.

A Prophecy?

I have just heard 400 scholars at my school singing:

Ride on! Ride on in Majesty!
The winged squadrons of the skies
Look down, with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

I wondered: Is this grim prophecy?—Schoolmaster, Ewell, Surrey.

It is grim fact for Barcelona.

Honest

I was checking-up the cash register when a pound note fell in my pocket.

I drew attention to the fact immediately.

But it set me wondering. What if I hadn't noticed it first, and I had been employed by certain unbelieving people!

I thought, if ever I sit on a jury I shall never accept circumstantial evidence.—Mrs. M. Betts, 40, Reginald Road, Bearwood, Staffs.

No judge would accept one such circumstance as circumstantial proof. Unfortunately, there are magistrates who do.

Not So Doddering

So bowls players are doddering old has-beens, are they?

Well, I've been working things out. In a five months' season, I find, they bend down 14,400 times, walk 90 miles and throw 12 tons of wood 35 yards.—W. G. Barker, 8, Prince Street, Earls Barton, Northampton.

As You Like It

I was showing a girl of thirteen Anne Hathaway's cottage. She thought Anne was a wife of Henry VIII, a poetess, and lived about 1066!

And she goes to one of the most expensive modern schools.—Miss G. E. Matthews, Lawnside, The Spa, Gloucester.

We have illustrated this letter with a sketch of the cottage made and sent in by reader Miss Dorothy Buckley, Shottery, Stratford-on-Avon.

Ideas Count

Some of the most expressive people on this earth must be doomed to be inarticulate because they can't punctuate.

Would you use a badly punctuated letter in "Voice of the People"? And what chance would a badly punctuated effort have in "Bullets"?—J. Lynch, 14, Brotherhood Hall Road, Spotland, Rochdale.

We use many a badly punctuated letter in "Voice of the People." It's not the commas we want. As for "Bullets," competition editor assures us he allows for errors in punctuation *and* spelling. He recalls many first prize winners whose entries didn't punctuate to advantage.

Speeding-up

Less than a quarter of a mile away, over the Birmingham boundary, the new type of street lighting has created a remarkable freak result.

Trees and plant life are some weeks ahead within that boundary. I am wondering whether, later in the year, we are going to see autumn tints on one side of a line and summer reigning on the other.—Frank Southall, Alcester Road South, Hollywood, Worcestershire.

This new lighting and power cables generally seem to have different results in different places, says Ministry of Agriculture. Scientific research is baffled as to reasons. Ministry says that, although reader Southall's discovery yields nothing not already known, he might, by careful observation over a period, find out something of great value.

There is a lot to be discovered on effects of electricity on crops.

Dread Dad Hospital

I am ill for the first time in my life.

It all came of going to hospital with a nervous friend. For two hours I sat in a cold waiting-room with a tornado of draughts whistling round me.

Und dow I sbeak like dis.—Mrs. G. C. L., Wichendon Road, Fulham, S.W.6.

The Big Round-up

Elephants never forget.
Nor do income-tax people.

I happen to know that a big hunt-up of people who drew Coronation bonuses and didn't declare them is in progress at the moment.—Miss S. P. F., Stroud Green, N.4.

We happen to know that a big income-tax hunt-up of everybody is in progress at the moment. The whip of distraint is being used as never before.

Dunce Dilemma

Government inspectors are insisting on elementary schoolchildren being moved up a class every year whether they have acquired the necessary knowledge or not.

As the dunce of Class 1 (seven to eight years) is bound to become the hopeless super-dunce of Class 2 (thirteen to fourteen years), it seems to be a determined effort to manufacture dullards.—Ex-Headmaster, Acomb, York.

Says Board of Education: In some places where Hadow Committee's recommendations have been adopted there are now different schools for children up to eight, from eight to eleven, from eleven to school-leaving age. Moving child on to its new school when age justifies, and attempting to smooth out deficiencies there, is probably better than leaving a child of nine or ten to languish among infants.

Efficiency!

I was fortunate enough to have the money for my rates before the local authority had asked for it.

As the money was burning a hole in my pocket, I wrote and asked for the demand.

It arrived by return. And by the next post came the final demand, full of the usual threats!—J. W. Grove, 181, Richmond Road, Ilford, Essex.

Just Four Human Stories

I SEE him at my cinema every Friday afternoon.

I had to speak to him. He told me he enjoyed being one of the crowd. He loved to feel he is at one with humanity.

He laughs with the rest; becomes sad when they do.

And he is blind.—Doris Wimborne, 34, Merlin Crescent, Edgware.

*

HERE'S a chance to find out a little about other people's lives—or so I thought to myself when a beggar asked me for a copper.

So I asked him home.

I got out a small piece of bread and cheese. "That's everything I've got," I said, eyeing him closely. "Half of it is yours."

He rose . . . rushed out of the house. I thought he had been shamed into leaving, but no! He came back with fresh rolls, butter, piles of ham, a big bottle of beer.

"Good luck! Do your stuff! Do your stuff!" he shouted expansively, taking from his pocket and running through his fingers about three pounds in silver!—J. Webb, 7, Woodbry Lane, Redland, Bristol.

*

MY friend had timed his wedding for 5.30 p.m. in a Church of England.

Then, when the ceremony was due to begin, he found he had left the necessary papers twelve miles away.

We sent a messenger by car, but six o'clock struck with the papers still missing. The clergyman pointed out at once that he couldn't marry anyone after six—that a postponement would be necessary.

Then I remembered that it was summer-time—that six o'clock was really five.

"It would be very sporting of you if you would marry them," I said.

"Very well, I'll be a sport," he said.

And the wedding bells rang out!—A. B. Sanderson, 9, Guildford Avenue, Blackpool.

*

I RECEIVED an emergency call from my friend, a sub-postmistress, who lives some distance away.

She had scalded her right arm from the shoulder down. She was in agony. Would I write, 'phone, do anything to get a relief clerk. I did, but the G.P.O. didn't deign to reply.

So she set her lips grimly. She set about her job, too. Against doctor's orders.

"There's the old age pensioners," she said. "I mustn't let *them* down."—E. Coleman, "Lyngarth," Ardleigh Green Road, Hornchurch, Essex.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Rheumatism kills one person in every three, costs countless millions—yet the State does nothing!

● *One of the latest methods of fighting rheumatism is this "electric bath," which produces an artificial fever*

Public Killer No. 1

"IN our country rheumatic disease is the greatest of all killers . . . although it conceals its murders under other masks. It is Public Danger No. 1 of civilised mankind."—Lord Horder, the King's Physician, in a recent broadcast to America.

Note the words "our country." It was a hard confession to make.

Lord Horder would have been happier if he could have told the world that Britain—prime sufferer from this disease—so much so that some countries call it the "British" arthritis—was leading the way in research and help for its victims.

But he knows he cannot. And there's the tragedy.

Let these facts sink home.

Rheumatic disease costs Britain £7,000,000 a year in National Health Insurance benefit; £15,000,000 is lost in wages; five and a half million labour weeks are filched from industry.

According to Sir Kingsley Wood, it accounts for one-sixth of all our industrial invalidism.

And its final form, organic heart disease, accounts for one-third of the death-rate and cripples tens of thousands from early childhood.

Doctors argue endlessly as to what "rheumatics" really is, and how to classify it in its various forms.

Hell of Pain

Rheumatoid arthritis, for instance, which is the commonest, usually attacks between twenty and forty, and makes the rest of life a hell of pain.

But there are many other forms of rheumatism with long, tongue-twisting names.

Lord Moynihan, the famous surgeon, summed up "rheumatics" and the whole position of the medical profession regarding it in one biting phrase. "We cloak it under long words," he said, "which really mean 'I don't know.'"

The doctors don't know even whether it is merely a symptom of something else, or a disease in its own right.

Or what causes it—whether a germ or some accident of circumstance like diet, locality, or the mental and physical condition of the sufferer.

For that lack of general knowledge, we can, to a certain extent, blame human selfishness.

If rheumatism were a contagious disease, that is, likely to harm or endanger other people except the immediate victim, we should have found out more about it long ago.

There would have been organised protection by the State against it—endowed research, clinics, hospitals, sanatoria—just as there is with tuberculosis and fevers.

Selfish, and shortsighted too. Because in the end this scourge costs more in money, pain and misery than all the other ills put together.

For, although there may be plenty of argument about what rheumatism really is, there is none at all about a cure.

Rheumatism can be cured in nearly all its forms. Science, using modern methods and pooling the available knowledge, has certainly progressed so far.

The trouble is that treatment, to be successful, must be prolonged. And, therefore, is expensive.

The Real Scandal

It involves long periods of rest for the patient, continual observation, and patient diagnosis by different types of specialists, and then the application of some of many kinds of healing—like ray therapy, spa treatment, or others—to suit the particular patient.

Such treatment is available to a few score among the legion of sufferers instead of to the tens of thousands.

And there we come to the real scandal underlying the problem of this scourge.

Professor Davidson, speaking at the International Rheumatism Conference at Bath recently, said:

"The chief problem regarding rheumatism lies in the *political* field, not in medical research.

"We want facilities provided for dealing with this grave scourge on a proper co-operative and national scale.

"We want clinics for early diagnosis, rest homes and sanatoria for treatment, special hospitals for intensive research and for handling extreme cases."

State Stands By

All the other great authorities on the disease have supported him in his plea.

Lord Horder said recently: "Devote only 1 per cent. of the annual loss to fighting this disease and we can defeat it and give back to thousands a chance to live useful lives with some measure of freedom from its pains."

What has the State done to help the doctors in their fight against the disease? Nothing!

Germany has more than 2,000 radium clinics for treating rheumatism, France 1,000, Sweden several hundreds and dozens of special hospitals—all State supported.

Britain has only two clinics of this type—and both are privately run.

Since 1922 the Ministry of Health have been *talking* about various measures which could be put in hand for co-operative research and large-scale treatment.

After sixteen years' talk we have got an Empire Rheumatism Council to which the Ministry has given its blessing, but little else.

It has allowed a few rheumatism clinics to be started and recognised under National Health Insurance.

But even while Sir Kingsley Wood was speaking in the provinces about "rheumatism, this cruel enemy of mankind," his officials were announcing that no more clinics could be recognised until 1940 as "all available funds were exhausted."

Almost all the work done has been achieved by voluntary organisations, private benefactors, and a few local authorities courageous enough to dive into their own tills for the purpose.

The Red Cross clinics, for example, handled 91,000 attendances last year. They were "snowed under."

For two periods they had to close down to clear up the waiting lists. And they are carrying on with heavy deficits.

The chairman announced in his report that unless more funds were forthcoming the work would have to be curtailed.

Led by benefactors like Mr. Alexander Maclean, who has recently given £13,000, a move has been made to endow rheumatism wards in certain hospitals.

But barely £50,000 has been raised—a mere drop in a bucket compared with what is needed.

Edinburgh, whose Dr. H. L. Wallace stated not long ago that 25 per cent. of rheumatic children died before leaving schools and 30 per cent. were crippled for life, is planning a special school for such children—half school, half clinic.

Sunderland is getting a clinic for such children to prevent them becoming "chronic." Leeds is building a £20,000 school. The London boroughs of Kensington and Holborn, which have made rheumatism a "notifiable disease," like small-pox, have similar plans.

But hardly anywhere will you see the hand of the State in such work.

Poverty, malnutrition and bad housing are, doctors agree, the chief causes of rheumatism among children.

Witness the fact that Eton College, with 1,100 boys in residence, has had only one case of rheumatic fever in seventeen years.

Yet in the elementary schools of Eton, Windsor and Slough there are dozens of cases a year.

Government's Folly

Even putting this great and grave issue aside, the Government stands convicted of almost criminal folly in its blind attitude towards the scourge of rheumatism.

And this blindness is earning us the contempt of every progressive nation.

The Government must give practical help at once in the only way that counts—money, not words; clinics, not councils.

There must be immediate recognition of the menace of rheumatism and determination to fight it with every resource we have.

Judges are in REVOLT!

OUR judges are in revolt. They find they are being used as puppets in the legalised robbery of working-class people.

For months local councils all over Britain have been seizing property. The occupants they have driven out have received no more compensation than a few pounds for the value of the land.

The councils claim they have powers to ignore even the judges and to carry out seizures by warrants issued to sheriff officers.

Judge Archer, K.C., of Hastings, led the judges' rebellion only recently.

JOHN BULL expected he would show fight, and had a representative in his Court.

Otherwise the significance of his bold words would not be known to the public, for no report of what he said and did has appeared in the general Press.

The case before Judge Archer is a common example of what has been happening everywhere, and deserves to be studied by every citizen who owns, or hopes to own, a home of his own.

Judge Archer refused to countenance a claim by Hastings Council to seize the six-roomed home of Mr. Henry Johnson, a window cleaner, on the grounds that it is unfit for habitation.

He had no evidence one way or the other about the condition of the property, and gave his decision on moral principles.

Why Hastings Council wants possession of Johnson's home, where he lives with his wife and four daughters, has not been disclosed.

NINETEEN years ago Johnson undertook to buy his house over a long period. He has worked eighteen hours a day to scrape the money together.

When the Council revealed its intention to seize the land on which the house is built Johnson was told that he would be paid £15 for the site—and nothing for the house.

Only a few days before the Council tried to take the property he refused a private offer of £300 for it.

If a house is not habitable, you would expect to find the walls bulging or the roof leaking badly.

Nothing like that about Johnson's home. It is weather-proof, neat, well kept and in first-class condition.

If it could be condemned, so could more than half the homes of Britain.

When Hastings Council sent a representative to Judge Archer's Court to ask for a possession order, he pointed out the intention of Parliament when it conferred compulsory powers of acquisition on local authorities.

It was, he said, that public funds should not be depleted by big money payments to owners of worthless property.

JOHNSON'S case—and that of thousands like him—was very different.

He was living in a house he had bought with his life savings and it must have value for him.

This kind of common-sense comment obviously took the council by surprise.

The council played another card. It told the judge that he had no discretion in the matter.

"Then," Judge Archer retaliated, "if a judge has no discretion, the sooner the country knows it the better."

So the Council took the gloves off.

There was a far easier method of seizing property. Judicial consent could be ignored. Houses could be entered by force and filched by warrant.

Judge Archer was indignant at this revelation that the courts were being used only as tools. Time and again he asked the council why it would not pay the market value of the house.

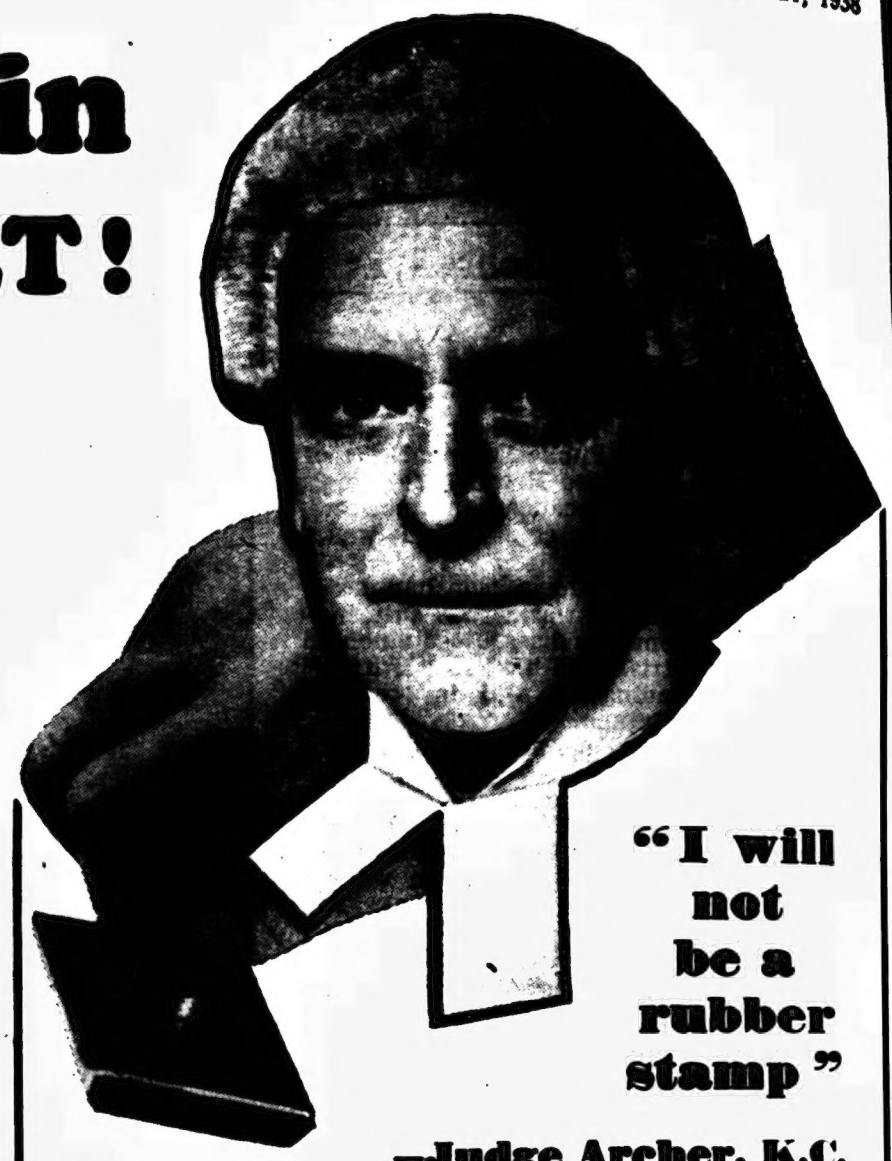
The only reply he got was that a Ministerial Order gave power of confiscation.

Then he refused, he said, to be regarded as a "sausage machine."

"I am a servant of the public," he added, "not just a rubber stamp."

So Henry Johnson remains in possession of his home for the time being.

But—although a judge has declined to dispossess him—his house is still liable to be seized by warrant at any moment. And this question remains unanswered:



"I will not be a rubber stamp"

—Judge Archer, K.C.

Will Hastings Corporation and other councils dare to disregard the judges and confiscate homes by warrant?

Thousands of families who have bought their homes with life savings have already had them confiscated.

There are 40,000 more householders in Britain who are in peril of dispossession.

When they are driven out, it will not be the end.

The number and audacity of attempts at seizure is growing.

LOCAL authorities believe they have the courts at their mercy, and that they can compel judges to do their bidding.

This pillage has been made possible by an Order of the Minister of Health under the Housing Acts, which gives local councils power to seize and demolish any property they regard as unfit, and to pay the owner only site value.

Both Parliament and the Minister of Health had no more in mind, of course, than compulsory action against house-owners who exact profit from property which they allow to deteriorate until it becomes a slum.

WHEN judges have protested against the exploitation of helpless people, they have been told that they have no discretion—that application to them is no more than a formality.

But the judges mean to tolerate this tomfoolery and intimidation no longer.

Parliament's duty is to see that no property can be acquired without the authority of the courts and unless the value of it, *fixed by independent evidence*, is paid in full.

Not from the B.B.C.

Face Values

I pass all my friends in review..
And of each ask myself: "Has he got it?"
But sadly confess there are few
In whom I am able to spot it—
That something that marks a man out from the mass,
Proclaiming he's fitted to travel first-class!

While Briggs has the haughtiest air
And Bloggs is the beau of our sector,
I'm really not ready to swear
That an eagle-eyed ticket inspector,
Who knows what is what, would be ready to pass
Them as moulded and labelled by Nature "First-class"!

IF I had the choice of being born with a silver spoon in my mouth or a first-class look on my face, I should not hesitate.

For a person endowed with a first-class air can pocket all the silver spoons in sight without incurring suspicion.

Some may have this asset without knowing it, while others may flatter themselves they have it and live to learn to the contrary.

Like a misguided citizen who, at Marylebone Police Court, was handed six months' hard for theft, his arrest having been due to the fact that when he left Paddington in a first-class compartment an alert ticket-inspector decided that he didn't *look* first-class.

Unhappily, the inspector did not add to the sum of human knowledge by confiding to the world how he distinguished a first-class and indubitably pukka phiz from a horde of rank outsiders.

There was a time when a cove who carried his handkerchief in his cuff was suspected of being a Real Gent, and there is still a tendency to award a certificate of ladyhood to a female who scrutinises humanity as she would a hair in her soup.

But such evidence is not infallible.

Nor is identification rendered easier now that the top hat has died as a mark of rank.

Yet even now a first-class physiognomy makes itself felt.

Waiters rush to attend to it, seaside landladies humble themselves before it, and it can pass merry hours riding round the Inner Circle without any inspector presuming to ask if it has a ticket.

On the other hand, those of us (and I am one) whom Nature has not endowed with that "first-class look" go through life or a ticket barrier like an amateur Bluebeard who has done in a couple of wives and has incriminating evidence in his attaché case.

I wish, how I wish that I had the face
Of the bloke who (seemingly) owns the place,
Wherever he is or may chance to go,
And never a ticket is asked to show!

With top-drawer faces I can't compete,
So with guilty mien I vacate my seat
When I spot a dame with a first-class air
Who is travelling first on a third-class fare!

Y. Z.

Here is an article by a Special Correspondent that will stir all thinking men and women

Plan for 25 Years' Peace

WHATEVER your main interest in life—gardening, football, your children, your job—it will vanish if we do not have Peace.

Peace is every man's first interest. We all want it desperately.

What are our chances of getting it?

A few weeks ago they looked black. But hope is growing. Consider the facts:

Mr. Chamberlain has made a pact with Italy. He has strengthened immensely our alliance with France. Now he is heading for a pact with Hitler.

In such a pact lies the opportunity for twenty-five years of peace.

Twenty-five years of peace. Think what that means! An armistice, in which we can settle down, solve our problems anew, plan without being rushed.

Those twenty-five years, if properly used, could be more than an armistice. They could be the beginning of a lasting peace.

You are doubtful about an Anglo-German Pact? But have you examined it sensibly?

What Mr. Chamberlain wants is more than an Anglo-German Pact.

He wants a Four-Power Pact between Britain, France, Italy and Germany. He has approached them all separately. Now he wants to band them together.

That is where his real opportunity lies. Whether he will take it or not is another matter.

Still, let us look at the possibilities.

Hitler rules Germany and will rule Germany for some time yet.

Will you earn his gratitude?

In twenty-five years he'll be a man, old enough to fight — or shall he work in peace?

VERY well, then. In some way we must come to terms with him.

The first thing we must understand is the way Hitler is going. He is the real European problem—much more of a problem than Mussolini can ever be.

Hitler has very clearly stated his aim in the pages of "Mein Kampf," the 800-page Nazi bible, which he dictated straight into the typewriter between 1924 and 1926.

The English translation of "Mein Kampf" is a watered-down affair, one-third the original length, which leaves out everything that might shock English opinion.

Hitler refuses to allow a full English translation.

Here, however, because they are important, are some extracts from the passages that Hitler has "banned" in England:

After outlining his intention of annexing Austria, he tells of conquests yet to be made:

"The deadly enemy of the German people is France. It does not matter who rules in France.

"If from this viewpoint we look round for allies in Europe, there are only two possible States: England and Italy.

"This alliance would give Germany the possibility of comfortably preparing the day of reckoning with France. France would be isolated.

"We must throw ourselves into a final and decisive fight with her."

SO there you see the first big clash of arms—the attack on France. The next attack would be eastwards.

Why?

Read Hitler again:

"If we speak to-day in Europe of new soil, we can but think first of Russia—and her subject border states.

"What is not yielded by gentle persuasion will have to be taken by the strong right arm. The gigantic Reich of the East (Russia) is ready for a collapse.

"Only with England to cover our rear will it be possible to begin the new march.

"To gain England's favour, no sacrifice should be too great. We should even be ready to deny ourselves colonies and sea-power, and to spare British industry from our competition."

IF Hitler is going to stick to that plan, Peace is impossible. It is up to us all to prevent him from sticking to it.

The lamentable desertion of the League by Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues has made it impossible to do this by Collective Security methods.

We are, therefore, left with the job of preventing Hitler by negotiation.

The men sitting at Mr. Chamberlain's Four-Power round table must realise that Hitler's plan of conquest can always be prevented if a decent alternative is offered him.

What shall that alternative be?

That is the most crucial political question of our day. Here is an attempt to answer it, a proposal that would perhaps give us the twenty-five years of peace we want, a world halt to rearmament, and plans for progressive disarming.

Germany and Italy should be offered five things:

ONE: A general lowering of tariff barriers by mutual agreement. That would free the channels of trade.

TWO: Free access to raw materials and exchange facilities to pay for them. All prohibitions and restrictions should go.

THREE: Loans—provided absolute guarantees are given that the money will be spent on peaceful industries only and not on further rearmament or disguised war industries.

FOUR: A general settlement of the whole European minority problem. This would mean that the four Powers would try to obtain reasonable justice for all German and other minorities living in other States.

FIVE: A real move to satisfy German and Italian demands for colonies. This needs tackling in a business-like way. Central Africa provides the best opportunity. The colonial Powers should each be asked to contribute some of their own territory to make up a great Central African international colony.

This colony could be administered jointly by the Powers. The capital for really extensive development could be put up jointly. And its investment could be planned not by private capitalists, but by an Investment Board.

These five concessions would break the back of the economic difficulties of Germany and Italy.

They would give them about as much as they could hope to get out of a war. And not a life would be lost in getting it.

Mark you, this round-table conference between Britain, France, Germany and Italy must not be all give and no take. In return for the concessions Germany and Italy must guarantee to keep the peace for twenty-five years.

And this guarantee must be genuine. Italy at the present moment has two wars in full swing—in Abyssinia and Spain. In both countries the people still keep up a spirited resistance to her armies.

An end must be found to these wars, and a guarantee must be given that no similar wars of conquest will be made in the future.

And let us here, just to clear the air, deliver a few hard knocks at the Isolationists.

BRITAIN'S need is not just peace for Britain or even peace for Europe. Ours is a world-wide Empire. And nothing but world-wide peace is any good to us.

We cannot exist a single day without consuming food from abroad. If the world's trade routes are cut off, then every British breakfast table will feel the pinch.

What is more, we have a duty to our far-flung Dominions and Colonies.

The "Little Englanders" will never make us safe. Only men who maintain the boundaries of our Empire and the safety of our trade routes can do that.

So, in return for concessions made by Britain and France, Germany and Italy must promise to keep the peace in every corner of the world—a peace sealed by an immediate and real halt of the arms race and by a reconstruction of a Peace League of Nations where Law will be supreme.

If such a pact as that is made—and with wise statesmanship it could be made—then twenty-five years of peace would no longer be a dream. It would be a reality.

We can do in 1938 what we ought to have done in 1918.

And in twenty-five years our children would be grateful to us.

What the Critics May Say

(I.) What guarantee would there be that Germany and Italy will really keep the peace?

The fact that they would be disarming as their part of the Pact.

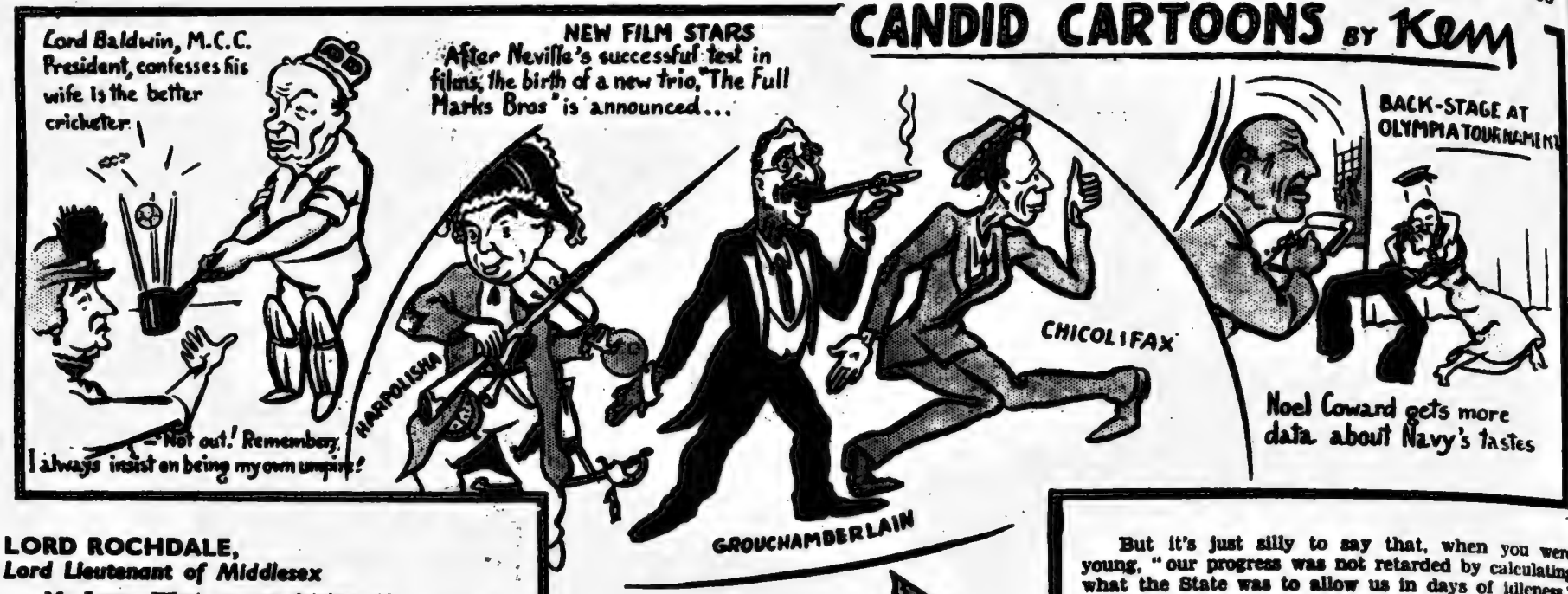
(II.) Why leave out Russia?

A good point! The Four-Power Pact ought only to be the basis of a wider Pact bringing in Russia and the United States—and later the smaller Powers.

(III.) In making loans to foreign Powers how can we distinguish between peaceful and armament industries, when so many industries serve both purposes?

With disarmament in progress there would be less incentive to invest money in armament undertakings, and loans could be scheduled specifically for housing, land drainage and many other social purposes.

CANDID CARTOONS BY KEM


Lord Baldwin, M.C.C. President, confesses his wife is the better cricketer
"Not out! Remember, I always insist on being my own umpire!"
NEW FILM STARS
After Neville's successful test in films, the birth of a new trio, "The Full Marks Bros" is announced...
HARPOLISHA
CHICOLIFAX
GROUCHAMBERLAIN
BACK-STAGE AT OLYMPIA TOURNAMENT
Noel Coward gets more data about Navy's tastes

LORD ROCHDALE,
Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex

MY LORD,—What are you driving at?

You want a "Fourth Arm" defence. And the Fourth Arm, it seems, "is the whole of the civilian population and the great industries."

Well? Does your comment that foreigners think our defences "lazy, apathetic and self-indulgent" mean that you would like every citizen to be conscripted—in one way or another?

If so, think again. There is no need for war-time measures.

Remember that our armed forces are, as the Prime Minister has said, almost terrifying in their might.—JOHN BULL.

SIR ABE BAILEY
en route for Britain

DEAR SIR ABE,—Doctors are not always right. Not by a long chalk.

But I can believe it was very unwise for you to ignore their orders and sail from South Africa to Britain after your second leg amputation.

You are determined to see the Derby, and I have known many cases where a sick man's determination has happily confounded the doctors' fears.

Your courage is what we expect from a fine sportsman. It not only wins my admiration, but impels me to wish that your colt Golden Sovereign will win the Blue Riband of the Turf.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Sweated labour continues to disgrace us.

A London woman, applying for machining work a few days ago, was told to make a satin blouse, complete with buckle, belt, buttons and patent fasteners, to press it and supply her own cotton—for 4d.

A Hull youth organisation reports that lads of fourteen to sixteen, who work at the fish dock, are exposed to rain or snow, sometimes paddle about in inches of water.

Their wages are 7s. 6d. to 10s. a week; they often work from 7 a.m. till late at night.

Just two instances of the nation-wide evil I have so often exposed. Can't you do *anything* about it?—JOHN BULL.

SIR RAYMOND UNWIN,
Distinguished Architect

DEAR SIR RAYMOND,—Small house-buyers, in scores of suburbs, have had a nasty shock when they found a factory being erected near by to spoil their amenities and depreciate their property.

Miles of fine country have been ruined by buildings being scattered over a few acres.

True, councils have power to plan their areas. But many will not do so unless they are faced with compulsion.

And you are right in declaring that there will never be proper location of roads, factories and open spaces unless a central planning authority is set up.

Why should not all Britain be planned, so that industries would be centred in the most suitable areas and the remnants of our countryside left untouched?—JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. H. MOUNTAIN,
Mayor of Boston, Lincs.

DEAR SIR,—You're a bold man. And though I'm referring to the match-making camp at Skegness, I am not being facetious.

After you had introduced a would-be bride to an Australian swindler, the papers reported your intention of quitting the matrimonial business.

Nevertheless, you have helped to arrange this camp for love-hungry people which has already produced a crop of engagements.

I can only hope they turn out more successful than the one I have mentioned.

And I still doubt if it is part of a mayor's duties to assist in a match-making bureau.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY,
London, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Nothing easier than to talk of the need for people to become health-conscious.

Nothing harder than to keep healthy if you live in a rotten house, have an unhealthy job, or don't get enough to eat.

Believe me, people don't want to be ill. They're not too lazy to look after themselves.

But if, as you say, the nation must become fit, every section of the nation must be given a chance to get fit.—JOHN BULL.

Professor R. PULVERCRAFT: Wish Parliament would adopt your plan of making hospital students stand at lectures, to keep them awake.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES WATLING,
Lord Mayor of Norwich

MY LORD MAYOR,—I am sorry you adulterate good sense with views which I consider unsound.

It's true that some children can't write properly.

They started to learn to write in Script and then, just before leaving school, changed to longhand.

So they mastered neither system, but that's not their fault.

Some may not be able to add easily, for too many subjects are crammed into the curriculum.

But it's just silly to say that, when you were young, "our progress was not retarded by calculating what the State was to allow us in days of idleness."

Very poor youngsters know too much of what life on the "dole" really means to make it their aim.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. M. RADFORD,
M.O.H., St. Pancras

DEAR DOCTOR,—A wicked shame that there are still hundreds of thousands of "cave-dwellers" in Britain!

Not a shred of excuse for keeping them deprived of fresh air and sunlight, for causing them to suffer much more tuberculosis and other diseases than the rest of the community!

Now there is hope for many of them. You are closing basement dwellings throughout your borough—dwellings in which whole families live in one or two cellar-like rooms.

I don't suppose you will be remembered as a social reformer. But you deserve to be.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT BERNAYS, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR,—Your hint that poultry-keeping should not be banned on municipal housing estates will be blessed by hundreds of thousands besides myself.

It will end one of the most stupid and impudent rules I know.

My protests have already secured the disappearance of this piece of impudence from many districts. Though badly kept poultry may be both a nuisance and a danger, the remedy is not to prohibit the means of providing a fresh egg for breakfast.—JOHN BULL.

EMLYN HOWELL,
Bad Luck Victim

DEAR HOWELL,—Though you still trust to your gambler's instinct, it seems to have been as fickle as a roulette wheel.

Four years after leaving the Welsh pits and setting up as a London bookmaker, you were worth £10,000. Then your "instinct" failed.

On one race alone you lost £4,000. Soon you were penniless and ill in hospital, your wife had to undergo an operation, your friends deserted you.

Now you have been bound over for attempted housebreaking, and have found a job.

I'm glad you will "know how to look after money next time." But will there be a next time if you trust to gambler's luck?—JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD: Glad you realise local councils are slow in building rural houses. But gentle persuasion has been tried before; kick them!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Leader, London County Council

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Only stick-in-the-mud hospital governors will disagree with you.

Of course, there must be no interference with nurses' private lives.

Of course, young women will not enter the service unless they are assured of good conditions.

So you are wise to reduce the hours of L.C.C. nurses to ninety-six a fortnight, to remove restrictions on evening leave and to give more facilities for recreation.

I have previously told of the earlier reforms which must make the L.C.C. nursing service the fairest as well as the greatest in the world.

But, unless other hospital authorities abolish the "barrack-room" atmosphere, the shortage of nurses throughout the country, already serious, will become disastrous.—JOHN BULL.

1912—Women clamoured for the Vote. They have it now, but they're still fighting for—

She fought and won for her daughters—

What Women REALLY WANT!

By A. G. Gardiner

Now they are carrying on the battle — for the future is in their hands

IF I were asked to name the respect in which this country leads the world, I should say: The way in which it manages its revolutions.

Turn to any country you like outside the English-speaking community of nations, and the word "revolution" is a word of terror which conjures up scenes of bloodshed and violence.

We manage our internal upheavals more sensibly.

If we want a change in our national polity we do not plunge the country in civil war, destroy its liberties and subject ourselves to the tyranny of any adventurer who is clever enough to seize power.

We go to the polls and turn out the Government that fails to give us the revolutionary change that we want, and put in one that will.

Revolution with us is not a spasm, but a process.

It is ceaselessly operating, with the result that in the course of one generation the whole social structure has been revolutionised without so much as a broken head or the spilling of a drop of blood.

This is Parliamentary government.

AND behind all the tumults of the world to-day, the main issue is whether this system of constitutional growth and adjustment or government by violent convulsion is to prevail in the world of to-morrow.

I am led to these reflections by certain facts of the moment bearing on what is perhaps the most sensational social revolution that has taken place in this country in our time.

It has come as silently and stealthily as if it were a natural process, like the unfolding of leaves in Spring.

I refer to that tremendous emancipation movement which has in our generation revolutionised the whole status of women in the political and social life of the nation.

It is less than twenty years since the first woman went through the door of a polling booth at a Parliamentary election or the first woman took her seat in the House of Commons.

No more momentous revolution has ever taken place in our history, and I venture to say that none has been more beneficial.

It is sometimes said, I think foolishly, that its effect on Parliamentary life has been negligible. It has certainly not been sensational. Neither is the unfolding of the leaves in Spring.

But great revolutions are not to be measured by the noise they make, and the emancipation of women has, without fuss or fluster, changed the whole outlook and spirit of our national life.

It has not been confined to Parliament or politics. It pervades every nook and cranny of the social structure.

In a famous phrase, which largely precipitated the Civil War in America, Lincoln once said, "This nation cannot endure, half slave and half free."

● *Quietly but diligently, says A. G. G., women have brought about "perhaps the most momentous revolution in the history of Britain."*

It is still going on. At a number of big conferences this month the next moves are being planned. Will women's triumphs continue?

And in delivering half of our nation from the servitude of centuries we have not only removed an intolerable wrong, but have released forces which are working ceaselessly through the entire texture of society.

How much this is the case is evidenced by the facts to which I referred above. They show how, side by side with the activities of men, the newly liberated sex is working from many angles for the common object of improving the conditions of life.

During the present month, for example, there are half a score of conferences or demonstrations, held, or about to be held, in which women, free now from that unpleasant phase of "feminism," are engaged in the task of making this world, in the words of the hymn, "a better world for man's brief earthly dwelling."

Last week there was a remarkable conference of the National Council of Labour Women, at Leamington, and at the same time the Conservative Women's annual conference took place at the Queen's Hall in London.

THE cause of that great community, the spinsters of the nation, was advocated at the Kingsway Hall, and subsequently at the demonstration in Hyde Park, presided over by that earnest spinster, Miss Thelma Cazelet, M.P. for East Islington.

Concurrently the great subject that dominates all others in these days was being thrashed out at the conference of the Women's Peace Crusade. And, as I write, the Women's Liberal Federation Council is assembled at Bath to discuss world affairs from its own particular point of view.

And the remarkable fact common to all these gatherings is the intensely practical and common-sense approach to the questions discussed.

Now that women are really harnessed to public work, they have discovered, what all sensible people knew already, that the qualities of reason and intelligence are not the monopoly of a sex.

The average woman knows where the shoe pinches, as well as the average man. In everyday matters, indeed, she often knows far better.

And it is with the common, everyday matters of life that the problem of politics is mainly concerned and by which it is to be judged.

Take, for example, the impressive case made out for the spinster at the demonstration organised by the National Spinsters' Pension Association. There is no class of the community more deserving of consideration than the hosts of lonely women who from illness or misfortune have fallen on evil times.

In that vast redistribution of the wealth of the nation which is going on, and will continue to go on as the price of a stable and just society, the claim of these isolated and helpless members of the nation gives precedence to none.

Some of the demands made elsewhere were more contentious than this, but it is all to the good that they should be discussed.

MORE women J.P.s and M.P.s are asked for, increased pensions for widows are advocated, better care of young girls who leave the provinces to seek work in London is insisted on, and so on.

And at the demonstrations which the twenty women's organisations are arranging throughout the country the claim is put forward for equal pay with men in the Civil Service and in industry, more opportunities for women in the professions, the appointment of women judges and equality with men in the matter of divorce.

How far these grievances are real, and how far they are capable of practical remedy is not my subject here.

But it is well that they should be aired, and it is desirable that every remnant of the old inferiority of women should be swept away.

And when to all this we add the activities of such a movement as that of the Women's Institute, which is penetrating every village of the country, the revolution of which I speak assumes a magnitude that can hardly be exaggerated.

Women have come into their own as partners in the State.

And the State is healthier and better for this accession to its resources.

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* * *

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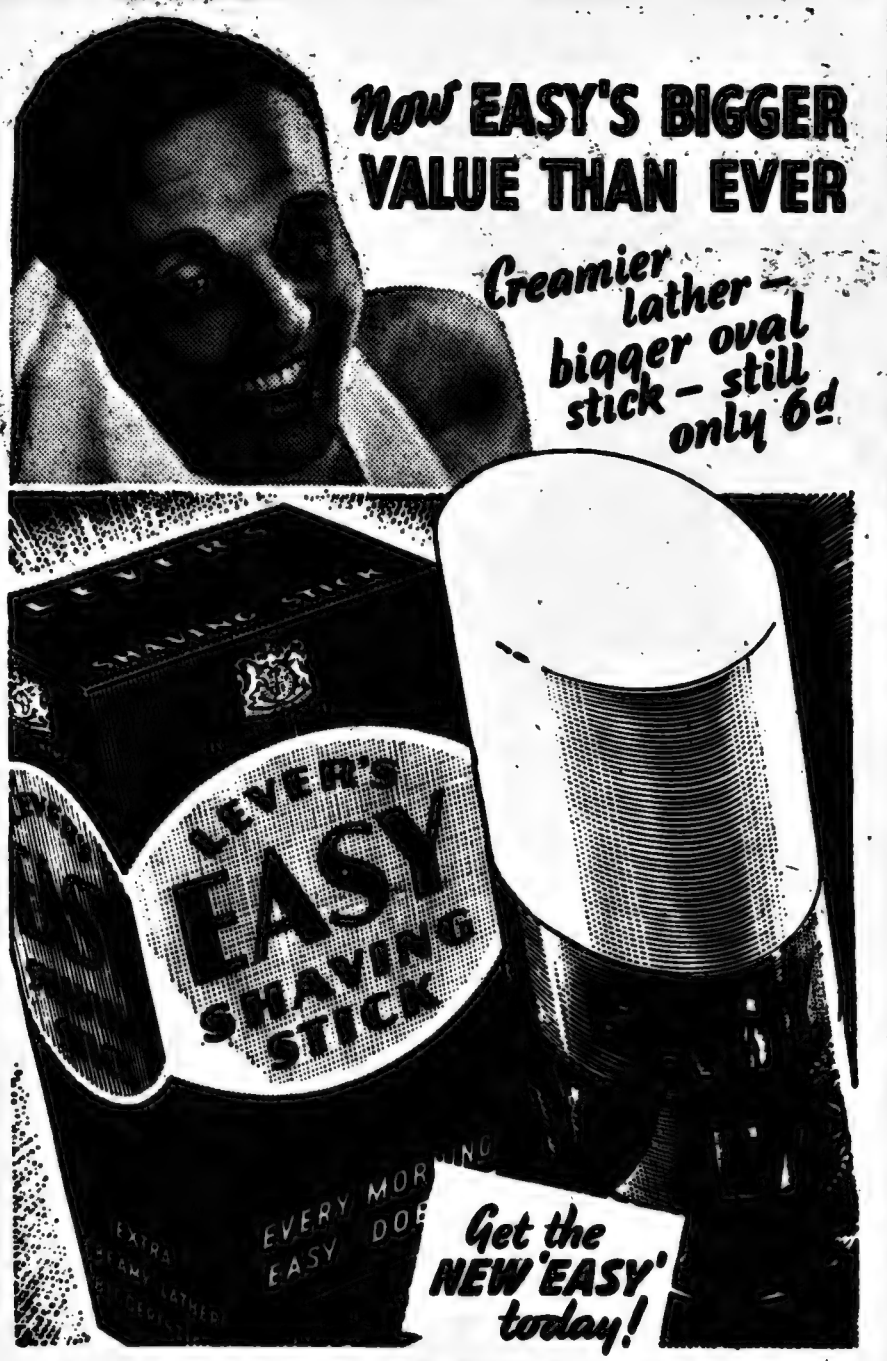
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Name .....

Address .....

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Sir Wyndham

Warns Y

NEVER answer a offering loans f that need capital.

There is always a "

Recently I have ha complaints about one tisers.

His name is Victor B address: New Kent Ro

According to his and circular letters, anxious to provide o for genuine businesses

Once in touch wi Butler says he must in cerns, investigate th so on.

Then he obtains a from three to five gui

And that ends the as Mr. Butler is conc

There are many of ciers" operating at th

Last month I e Edward Colbourne, a capital finders. He h Villiers Street to 3, Street, London.

His new surroundin aristocratic. But he old game.

Have Pit These Pa

HEREFORDSHIRE p ties cannot pride t way they treat unfor admitted to institution

Recently the County Committee drew attent of an inmate of Herefo

The coffin was ill roughly finished that t it.

In place of tapes th duced a piece of sashco

The men who lower plained that their ha the thin cord.

Mr. Taylor, a mem mentioned another where the coffin wa that they had to inside to keep the b about.

The living do not ap consideration either county.

Dr. J. V. Shaw we stitution and found were given hunks of garine for breakfast day.

They were unable, I to spread the marga slabs of bread they w

They drank the te which no longer ha them.

* *

One of the commi that Dr. Shaw had p He said the Master informed beforehand

Anyway, with luch to get better food

The County of He greater consideratio nates who seek its h

Sir Wyndham Childs

Warns You

NEVER answer advertisements offering loans for businesses that need capital.

There is always a "snag."

Recently I have had a batch of complaints about one of these advertisers.

His name is Victor Butler; his last address: New Kent Road, London.

According to his advertisements and circular letters, he is most anxious to provide or raise money for genuine businesses.

Once in touch with applicants, Butler says he must inspect the concerns, investigate the books, and so on.

Then he obtains a survey fee of from three to five guineas.

And that ends the matter—so far as Mr. Butler is concerned!

There are many of these "financiers" operating at the present time.

Last month I exposed Albert Edward Colbourne, another of these capital finders. He has moved from Villiers Street to 3, New Cavendish Street, London.

His new surroundings may be more aristocratic. But he is still at his old game.

Have Pity for These Paupers

HEREFORDSHIRE poor law authorities cannot pride themselves on the way they treat unfortunates who are admitted to institutions they control.

Recently the County Public Assistance Committee drew attention to the burial of an inmate of Hereford Institution.

The coffin was ill-fitting, and so roughly finished that the vicar criticised it.

In place of tapes the undertaker produced a piece of sashcord.

The men who lowered the coffin complained that their hands were cut by the thin cord.

Mr. Taylor, a member of the P.A.C., mentioned another case at Ross, where the coffin was such an outsize that they had to stuff a mattress inside to keep the body from shaking about.

The living do not appear to get much consideration either in this delectable county.

Dr. J. V. Shaw went to Ledbury Institution and found that the inmates were given hunks of bread and margarine for breakfast and tea, day after day.

They were unable, Dr. Shaw said, even to spread the margarine on the thick slabs of bread they were given.

They drank the tea out of tin mugs which no longer had any enamel on them.

* * *

One of the committee was indignant that Dr. Shaw had paid a surprise visit. He said the Master should have been informed beforehand.

Anyway, with luck, the inmates are to get better food in future.

The County of Hereford should show greater consideration for the unfortunates who seek its help.

Public Enemy →

Sharepushers' £500,000 Haul

ARCH-SHAREPUSHER Harry Geen, alias Green and Gregson, whom JOHN BULL names as this week's Public Enemy, has caused the police much trouble in connection with frauds that have robbed the public of more than £500,000.

Also involved in the matter are his henchmen, Henry J. Goldstein, Sidney Seymour, and Adolphus Burton, known as "Dynamite" Burton because of his energy in pursuing victims.

Goldstein is known to be in hiding in Los Angeles, California, but is conducting fresh operations by long-distance control from an office in Montreal.

Geen and his crooks have been peddling worthless shares for years, and have ruined scores, including the man whom they made their cat's paw.

He is Major Hadyn R. Hamilton-Mowforth, and he is now serving eighteen months in prison. His wife is penniless.

After a fine Army career Major Hamilton-Mowforth went into business and worked for bankers and important brokerage firms.

* * *

Then he was offered the managing directorship of the Carlisle Investment Trust, with offices in the City of London, of which Geen was the moving spirit.

Unaware that the real business of the concern was share-pushing, the Major accepted, although his fees were only to be a few pounds a week.

His name was flaunted on the firm's ornate letter-headings.

Then Geen and his associates, after collecting more than £100,000 from this concern alone, saw the danger-signal and flitted.

Major Hamilton-Mowforth was arrested, tried and found guilty of the charges against him.

* * *

The judge added, however, that it was obvious he had played only a subordinate part, though, hard as it might seem, if honest men lent their names unwittingly as a shield for crooks, they must pay the penalty.

There are more than thirty complaints on official records respecting Geen, Goldstein, Seymour and Burton.

They must be brought to justice.

Geen Worked for Factor

GEEN, thirty-seven-year-old ex-clerk, with a gift for talking, was once Jacob Factor's chief salesman, for whom he promoted the Westminster Finance Company with offices in Regent Street, London.

As "Ernest Bennett" he was accused of conspiracy in connection with Factor shares at Horsham in 1927, but was bound over.

After that he climbed the ladder fast, became Factor's inseparable companion, and with him spent golfing holidays at Le Touquet and in America.

Once at a society dance he thrust a lighted cigar into the face of a man who had protested at the way he was worrying women with his attentions.

The man's eye was seriously injured and Geen had to pay damages.

During his two best years with Factor, Geen banked thousands.

Finally fled to America with Factor, was held in detention for twenty months, then sent back to London—and jailed.

But only for nine months. His defence was that he had been a "dummy."

Amazing Recruiting Blunder

CAN it be believed that a mentally deficient youth could be recruited into the British Army in spite of the fact that relatives had warned the recruiting authorities about the state of his mind?

Yet this has happened in the case of Thomas Harvey, St. Helier, Jersey.

To-day he is in detention at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, awaiting transfer to a mental hospital.

He had been a little odd in his ways for some years, but he was quite harmless. He talked to himself now and then and was subject to occasional fits.

An elder brother saw the recruiting officer and warned him about young Harvey's condition before he was enlisted a few months ago.

His relatives are convinced that he was worried into his present condition by his Army duties, drills, and the drastic change in his mode of life.

Then, when he was sent to hospital as an observation case, he was placed in a ward where the inmates are treated as insane.

* * *

All doors are locked, they are not allowed out of sight of a warder, are forbidden knives and forks and handkerchiefs.

This would be bound to play on the mind of a youth who had been in a nervous mental state for some years.

The Army hospital authorities advised a married sister that Harvey could be discharged and given into the care of relatives, if they will accept full responsibility for him.

"He may possibly be dangerous," states the form sent to her to sign.

This wording is laid down in regulations, the medical officer explained in a covering letter, and added, "Of course, your brother is not dangerous."

* * *

The sister and her husband are in domestic service. There is no relative with a home to which the boy could go.

So the only alternative is the mental hospital.

Everyone knows and appreciates the urgent need for recruits. But there is something seriously wrong with the enlistment regulations if a blunder like this can be made.

Hunt for Modern Raffles

PLAYING a game of hide-and-seek with the police is a new kind of Raffles.

The real-life counterpart of "A. J." has also half-a-dozen aliases. His real name is believed to be Albert Stirling.

The whole of Britain is his hunting-ground. No sooner do the police get on his track in one place than he reappears on "a job" miles away.

For more than a year the police have been seeking him, but in vain.

Stirling's method is simple. Usually he works in the evening.

He knocks at the door of a house when he believes everybody is out. If anyone answers he asks for "Miss Ellis" or any other name he thinks of off-hand.

Or he may telephone, and if the subscriber answers he makes some plausible excuse.

At Cardiff recently a maid told him that the family was at the theatre. A few minutes later he phoned again to tell the maid to hurry to the theatre. Her mistress, he said, had been taken ill.

Stirling watched the girl leave the house, then got in through a back window, and in a few minutes was off with a haul of jewellery and other valuables.

When the maid returned she found a note on a dressing table. All it said was "Thank you."

Like his prototype, this real-life Raffles is handsome and scrupulously polite.

Though usually he works alone, he is known to be connected with a gang through whom he disposes of his booty. The gang's headquarters are believed to be in London.

Aged about forty-one, he has black, wavy hair, and seldom wears a hat.

* * *

Since 1919 Stirling has been in prison sixteen times—twice penal servitude.

Names he uses include George Richardson, Arthur Rice, Edward Douglas, Frederick Hyde, William Richardson and George Ellis.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A. 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE Goods to Sell. Every kind. Easy Terms for Spare-time Agent & Shopkeeper. 144-Page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

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116-PAGE New 1937 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue. Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All Dep'ts., Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots & Shoes. Sale, C'ntd. W'sale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds, 1.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

£2 CASH BONUS and 50%.—Sales people, either sex, all parts of U.K., whole or spare time, for 1/- and 1/6 copyright lines. Selling like wildfire in offices factories, shops, house-to-house. Samples of actual lines free, post paid.—Write now, before territory allocated.—B. A. Herbert, Albert Grove, Bristol, 5.

EMPLOYMENT.

THE BRITISH ARMY. Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay, Food, clothing and accommodation free.—Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. — Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for Skilled, Semi-skilled and Unskilled Men. Apply for age limits and full particulars to Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 33, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 637), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SEVENTY-FIVE vacancies occur for men, aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay, £3 8s., rising to £11 per week. No experience required. For full details of entrance requirements apply B.T.I. (Dept. 391), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance Exams., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal Course will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap.—Samples Free with tradesman, Sunbeam Halftone," Cricklewood Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/15. We'ish, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 66, Butterfield and Dickson, 239, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

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WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 3d. 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept 5) Rochdale Road MANCHESTER.

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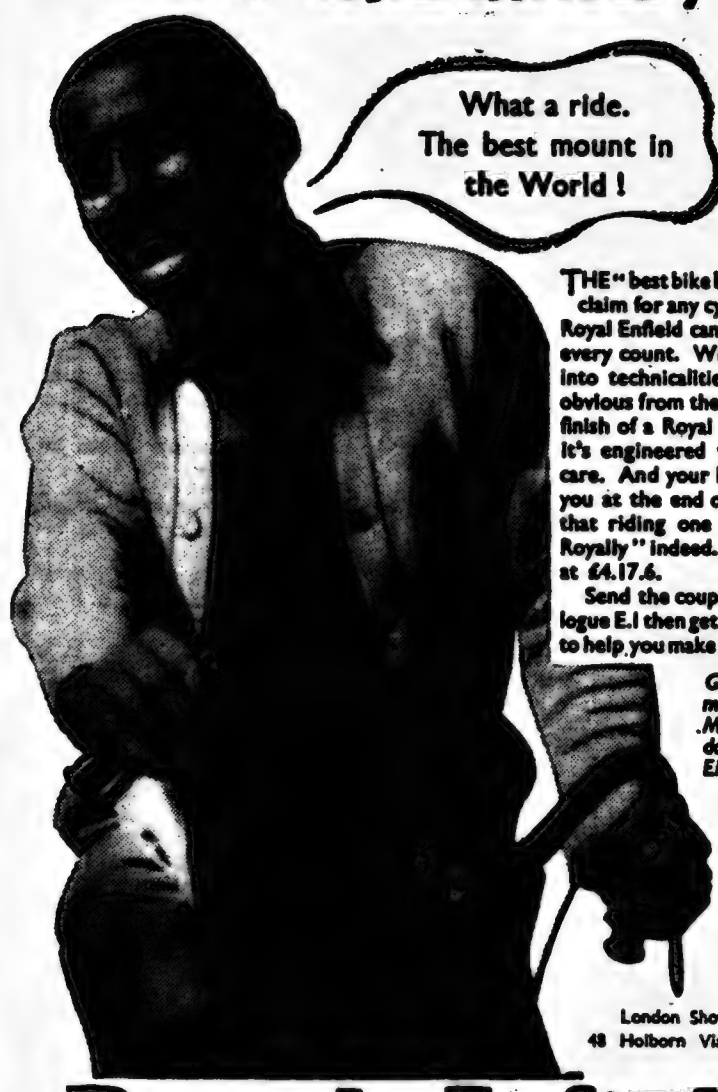
Ride ROYALLY on a ROYAL ENFIELD!



THE "best bike built" is a big claim for any cycle, but the Royal Enfield can justify it on every count. Without going into technicalities, it's quite obvious from the "feel" and finish of a Royal Enfield that it's engineered with special care. And your legs will tell you at the end of a long day that riding one is "Riding Royally" indeed. Prices start at £4.17.6.

Send the coupon for Catalogue E.1 then get your Dealer to help you make your choice.

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Royal Enfield

The best bike built

To the ENFIELD CYCLE Co. Ltd., REDDITCH Please send me Catalogue E.1

Name..... Address.....

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 23, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.—Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 3. Home-made 75-piece Layette for only 30/-. Also choicest quality 42/-.

A SPRING CLEANING HINT.—Not many women know how easy it is to clean, at home, carpets and upholstery by using "Resteral." Unlike petrol "Resteral" is perfectly safe in use, and besides being clean, it is a most effective cleaner. Read more about "Resteral" in advt. on page 3.

A FREE copy of the Royal Enfield Cycle Catalogue E1 is offered to readers who fill in the coupon in the display advt. on this page.

FREE Furnishing Catalogue. — Fill in the coupon on p. 18 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 346, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.1, for free Catalogue full of bargains of furniture, pianos, etc.

DO YOU require a good cheap pair of Binoculars? If so, turn to *John Bull's* "Shop Window" (page 3) and read the advertisement of Serva Trading Company. Every purchaser is guaranteed satisfaction. Why not send your order NOW?

SERVICES Shockproof Sports Watches are guaranteed for two years. These well-known Watches are obtainable at prices from 5/- to £5. Popular model is illustrated in advertisement on page 2.

DO YOU Play Bowls? Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., the well-known makers, are offering 12s pairs free. Write for details. For address see advertisement on page 2.

BUY Jerome's Spools and halve photographic costs. You pay only 6d. for 8 exposures, and each spool is developed free. See advertisement on page 2.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

MORE CASH FOR POULTRY-KEEPERS. Make bigger profits from your poultry NOW by getting the new, revised 1938 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book, now on sale. Packed with valuable information. NEARLY 400 PAGES deal with every poultry problem—essential help for beginners and experts alike. Send a 2/6 P.O. TO-DAY to the "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

FREE.—"Your Garden," 68-page book in full colours. Advice on Gardening by leading experts —Richard Sudell, R. H. Cook, H. Wheatcroft, Rex Hyde, etc. Limited Number only. Send a p.c. (1d. stamp) for YOURS now.—LASCO, LTD. (Dept. 11), LIVERPOOL.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No steel pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (D.93M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS AND HEADACHES quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's Remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powder or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE. CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 39), BLACKPOOL.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Richard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

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IF you suffer with influenza, colds or fevers, send for a free copy of "Everybody's Doctor" to Alfred Punnings, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Mention *John Bull* when writing. See page 27.

ELE BEANS improve your health as well as your figure. Compounded from vegetable extracts, they have a gentle action and can be taken regularly with perfect safety. Start taking Ele Beans now—just a couple nightly, before getting into bed. See Back Cover announcement.

FREE.—A sample of Bole's Gin Pills for Kidney Trouble, Backache, etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31/32a, Basinet Street, London, E.C.1. See page 34.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 32.

ASTHMA CONQUERED! Generous free trial samples of Dr. Gingha's Asthma Tablets are offered in the announcement on page 31.

SUFFERERS from Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Stomach Troubles should not overlook the Dr. Scott's Pill advert. on page 35.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on page 33, for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FREE copy of the New Style recipe book is offered by the Proprietors of Batchelor's peas. See p. 22.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Simply send a p.c. to Cranbux, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.13), Norwich. See page 22.

HAVE you ever spent a holiday at Blackpool? Send a p.c. for new Holiday Journal and full particulars. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool. See p. 23.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 5, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. stamps for postage. See page 34.

DO you know that 2½ lb. of apples go to every flagon of Bulmer's Cider? Bulmer's is real country cider made in the heart of the country by the genuine country process. Can be obtained "Dry" or "Woodpecker."—10½d. a flagon. See p. 28.

IF you want the perfect hairdressing, use Brylcreem. It fixes the hair naturally by its blended oils and tonic ingredients. Try Brylcreem and become one of its enthusiasts. See cover announcement.

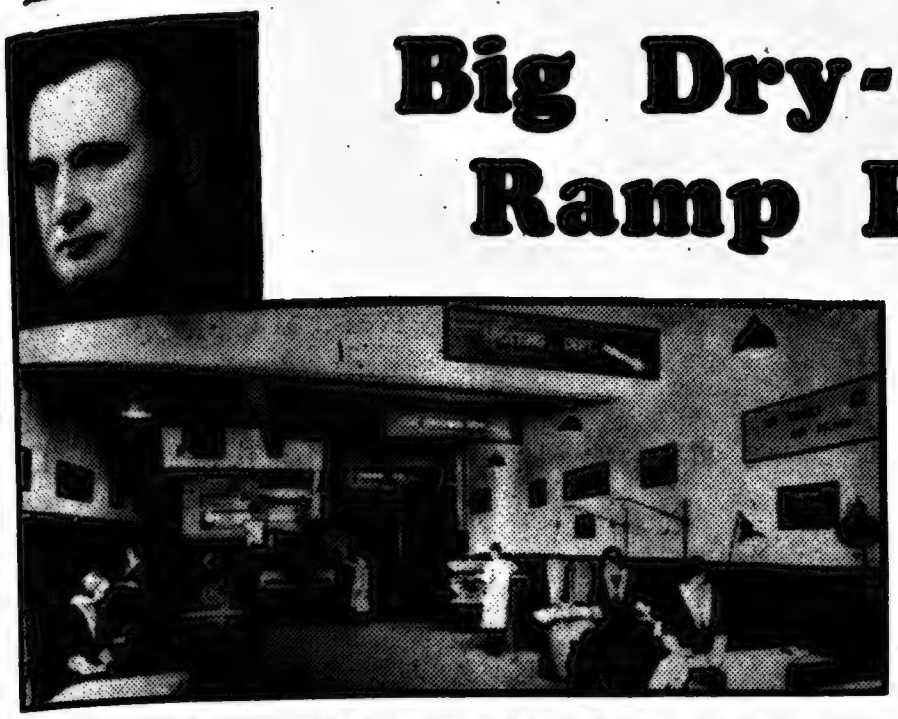
BE FIT, FEEL FIT AND KEEP FIT! Be a superman! You can do it easily by filling in the coupon on page 23 and obtaining full particulars of the "Muscular Development" course of home training for the small sum of 1/- per week. Chest Expander sent free. Act at once. Turn to the offer on page 23 and send for full particulars by filling in and sending the coupon.

THE need for a carefully planned career was never greater than it is to-day. Free advice and particulars are offered in the Bennett College announcement on page 14. If you give this your attention now, it may make a wonderful difference to your future. Fill in the coupon and post at once.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtez, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Big Dry-Cleaning Ramp Exposed

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier



Clifford Moore, bankrupt genius behind the dry-cleaning ramp, and one of his workshops

AT last the tangled affairs of a dry-cleaning combine, on which I have had my eye for some time, have been brought into the open.

Bankruptcy officials are probing the failure of the combine's "last-ditch" concern—Drakes (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., of Old Mills, Yeadon, near Leeds.

Creditors and investors have lost heavily.

Fortunately, after enquiries by members of my staff, I was able to warn many people by letter not to invest their money in this disastrous venture.

The value of this personal advice service is much greater than readers realise. Thousands of people owe it their thanks for saving them from investment frauds.

The Leeds Official Receiver is examining the three men who have been behind this wretched dry-cleaning affair.

They are: George Alan Fernside and Thomas Wilkinson Boothman, directors, and Clifford Moore, departmental organiser, of Drakes, Ltd.

Boothman and Moore have been associated off and on with various concerns of the same kind.

With a few exceptions, as soon as one company has crashed another has been formed, to spread the same net a new way.

* * *

Drakes, Ltd., marks the end of the zig-zag road. Apart from the hoodwinking of trade creditors it is the same old story.

Men are induced to make investments or loans to obtain employment. Before they have time to turn round, they find themselves sacked on some pretence or other.

Clifford Moore, an undischarged bankrupt, was unable to be a director of the more recently formed companies, but nevertheless he seems to have been the most active organiser of the ramp.

He remained silent in Leeds Bankruptcy Court when Mr. H. R. B. Shepherd (for the liquidators) declared:

"The whole thing is a fraud from beginning to end, with you, Boothman and Fernside, claiming as preferential creditors to prevent unsecured creditors getting a penny."

When it was suggested that the total loss to creditors in previous ventures was between £40,000 and £50,000, Moore lamely answered: "I do not know."

* * *

He knows this, though:

In 1924 he went bankrupt in Bradford when trading as the Auto-Valet Services. Payment made was 1s. in the £1 on liabilities of £4,000.

In 1927 he formed a company called "Two Shillings for Every Customer"—but no trading was done. Then, in 1932, he went bankrupt at Leeds with a deficiency of £9,783.

Moore, however, did admit that before Drakes, Ltd., finished he joined a firm named Lloyds, which eventually took over Drakes!

When the Company Laws were amended some years ago, it became an offence for an undischarged bankrupt to be a director of a company.

Yet a man like Moore, in the guise of an employee, can apparently take just as active a part in the actual direction of the company's affairs as if he were on the board.

ALLURING TRUST

SEVEN PER CENT. is the return offered by the Freehold Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., of Thayer Street, London, W.

It invites application for shares in sums of from £20 to £200 which provide "safety for capital while producing a remunerative return."

But—is safety for capital really provided?

Explanatory brochures and other printed matter issued by the Trust put its offer forward in a most attractive way.

Statements have been made which suggest that the Trust is one of the oldest-established societies for co-operative investment in property.

The truth is that it came into existence little more than five years ago.

In my view, the inference that a rate of interest as high as 7 per cent. can be made—and made with a guarantee of "the highest security"—should be more than sufficient to put the most inexperienced investor on his guard.

For the Trust to call itself "freehold" is also misleading. A considerable proportion of its properties are leasehold.

An interesting feature is its recent large expansion of capital.

By March last it had advanced to more than £365,000, from the modest total of £30,000 at the end of 1936.

This was achieved by advertising.

Moreover, financial experts have criticised the balance-sheets of the Trust on the ground that some of its properties and finances are not adequately set forth so that their actual values can be easily understood.

That is a complaint that is commonly made about "property" concerns which, as in this case, are registered under the "Friendly Societies Acts."

I am glad to know that at last legislation is now being framed to ensure that the fullest information is obtainable by investors.

Trance Trickster's Fake Cures

BARELY twelve months ago Mr. C. J. Marrington was employed as a labourer by the Northampton Gas Co. His wife, before he married her last year, kept a fried fish shop in the town.

Now people have to wait a week for an appointment to consult them as "Manipulating Psychic Specialists"!

Mr. Marrington impudently professes to cure almost anything by going into a trance while giving treatment. Unfortunate men and women are being cruelly buoyed up with false hopes, and pay quite dearly for it.

To the postman the address of this couple is 69, Colwyn Road, Northampton, a large three-storey house. They call it the "Spiritual Temple."

Diagnosis examination costs between one guinea and ten shillings, and five shillings is charged for every subsequent visit.

Marrington stipulates that his patients shall continue treatment as long as he advises.

If, he says, they cease to attend, against his advice, they automatically revert to pre-treatment condition and no cure can be effected.

* * *

One disillusioned man has had the courage to come forward and denounce this impostor.

He is Frank Smith, of "The Bungalow," Crawley Road, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

Eight years ago rheumatoid arthritis compelled him to give up work. Despairing, and barely able to walk, he was persuaded to visit Mr. Marrington's Spiritual Temple.

"There," he says, "I sat on a settee beside Mr. Marrington, who put his left arm round my shoulders. He then waved a handkerchief before his face, saying he was going into a trance.

"Presently, when his manner and appearance seemed to have changed, he passed his hands over my legs and upwards over my body towards my face.

"Suddenly he made a funny face, and after jerking his body became normal. He said he had great hopes of a cure, charged me ten shillings and arranged weekly treatment."

The visits continued for months. What happened, of course, was tragic in its wicked trickery—this poor man, hard pressed to pay the five shillings fee each week, was shamelessly deluded.

* * *

Yet the details of treatment are farcical.

Each time Marrington pretended to go into a trance. All he did then was to pass his hands over Smith and carry on mumbled talks with what he described as invisible doctors. "Darkie Six," "Little Jap," "Lardy Lou" he called them!

Two of Smith's sons had similar experiences.

All they received for their fees was the mumbo-jumbo trance trick.

PEOPLE who subscribe to seaside outings for poor children naturally want to know how their money is spent.

All reputable organisations publish certified balance-sheets.

But Mr. H. P. Evans, of Lewis Street, Newport, Monmouthshire, does not seem to realise this important essential.

When Social Secretary of the official local unemployed association last year, he did not give a satisfactory account of the money received for a children's outing to Barry Island.

Now, as secretary of an opposition organisation, he is again appealing for funds to give 750 children a day by the sea.

The public will do well to take note of a warning sent out by the Newport Industrial Council Unemployed Association, which is recognised by the Trades Union Congress.

In a letter they have circulated they state that Evans, when secretary of their Association, failed to produce evidence of income to the auditors.

Films Caused Downfall

LURE of film finance is responsible for the downfall of Gilbert Alma Robinson, 34-years-old solicitor, lately in practice in Blackpool and Manchester.

About 18 months ago a public company came into existence called the North British Film Corporation, Ltd., with an authorised capital of £130,000.

It proposed to acquire for £36,000 a patent that would revolutionise the film industry.

Robinson was the originator of this company, and its registered office was at his business address in Norfolk Street, Manchester.

It started in a chrysalis state as a private company registered at Robinson's private address in Blackpool.

Wound up, and unable to meet its liabilities, it subsequently burst forth in its butterfly existence as the North British Film Corporation.

Frequent visits to the Continent were made, and evidently Robinson believed that the films were going to make him a great fortune.

Unfortunately, he played ducks and drakes with sums entrusted to him by clients.

Fraudulent conversion of funds held in trust for a woman client eventually led to his conviction and imprisonment for three years.

This concerned his solicitor's practice only, and had nothing to do with his film finances.

The high-sounding North British Film Corporation, Ltd., has now collapsed!

Masquerading "Major"

BEWARE of a smart, military-looking impostor who lives by his wits and coins thrilling "topical" fairy tales.

He takes you into his confidence and tells you of the important part he is playing behind the scenes in Britain's defences.

He calls himself "Major Robert Stanley," and when pressed gives an address at the Staff Intelligence Department of the War Office.

Hotels and boarding houses which the gallant "Major" has recently patronised in London and the provinces had no reason to doubt him—then they found he was a faker.

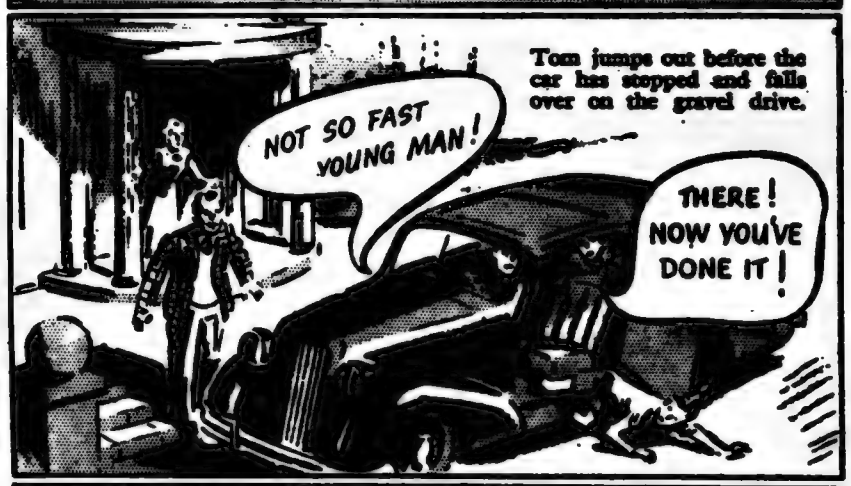
The War Office and Scotland Yard have lately received several enquiries about the "Major."

One enquiry came from military authorities on the Continent, whom the "Major" duped by pretending he was on a survey tour for the War Office regarding co-operation in the event of war!

FAMILY STORIES

Visiting Uncle George

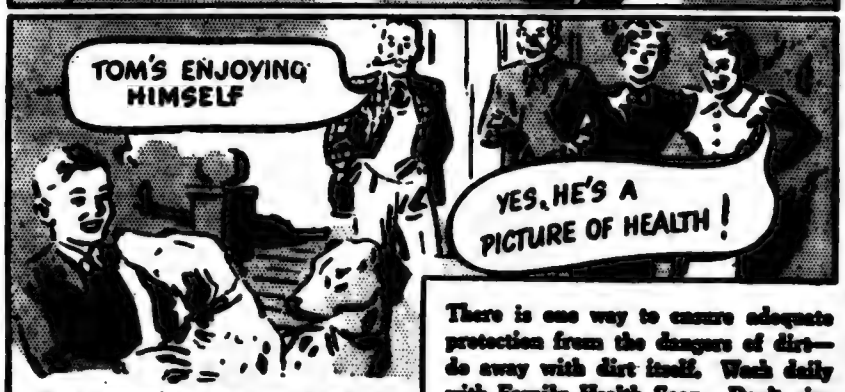
Tom looks forward to these week-end visits to Uncle George.



Tom jumps out before the car has stopped and falls over on the gravel drive.

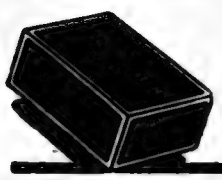
Tom is only scratched, but his aunt knows that dirt can infect even the smallest scratch.

WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH HARM DONE - ONLY A FEW SCRATCHES
STILL, WE'LL GIVE IT A WASH WITH FAMILY HEALTH SOAP EVEN SCRATCHES LIKE THAT CAN BE DANGEROUS



Tom's mother has reason to be proud of him. There's less danger of scratches proving serious when he washes with Family Health.

There is one way to ensure adequate protection from the dangers of dirt—do away with dirt itself. Wash daily with Family Health Soap. Don't give dirt germs a chance. Use this pure dirt-destroying soap and make sure of real antiseptic cleanliness.



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Fanatics still want to turn the family into a kind of human stock-farm in which only the fit are allowed to mate. They believe that is the way to produce an A.1 nation. But medical science says they're wrong, and this article reveals the flaws in their theory.

"We resent prying by cranky busybodies into the affairs of the people of this country . . ."

Stop Meddling WITH MARRIAGE!

THIRTY years ago, when a young man proposed to a girl, she said, "You'll have to ask father."

In thirty years' time she will say, "You'll have to ask six professors and a couple of doctors."

She will, that is, if the more fanatical advocates of eugenics have their way.

Eugenics? It is the science which studies the influences underlying public health. In the words of the Eugenics Society of London, its real aim is:—

"To study the laws of heredity as they apply to human beings, with the practical purpose of finding physical and mental effects on the race."

A noble object! But, unfortunately, some enthusiasts are distorting it. They are drawing conclusions while the exploration is in its infancy.

Already they have rashly decided that what Eugenics really means is, in plain language, human stock-breeding.

Character is important

Sir Farquhar Buzzard, Oxford professor of medicine, glibly foretold recently that in a quarter of a century there will be a marriage dictatorship.

No one will be permitted to marry unless a board of experts gives them a clean bill of health.

The hearth is to become a sort of zoo on the principle that whereas huge sums are spent every year to preserve the strain of animal blood-stock, human beings to-day are wrongly allowed to mate at will.

Give the brides and bridegrooms of the future a health certificate based on medical inspection and a study of family heredity—and a completely A1 generation will follow inevitably.

Some of the advance-guard even want to bring about selective marriage at once. Our husbands and wives, they urge, should be picked for us by external authority solely concerned with the production of healthy children.

It is time these half-baked arguments were torn to pieces; time publicity was given to the sane eugenists, not to the cranks.

We know that healthy parents are most likely to produce healthy children.

We know that some diseases are hereditary, and that some defectives should never be allowed to have children.

But we know, too, that health and brain-power are not all. More important than either of them is character.

We object, also, to anything which smacks of unwarrantable prying by cranky busybodies into the private affairs of the people of this country.

What do we care if Germany and Turkey already have compulsory medical examination before marriage? We are not Turks, and we do not like compulsion.

What is more, only voluntary examination could be of any use. The wise Eugenics Society emphasises that compulsory pre-nuptial examinations have the drawback that people who resented being examined could easily conceal or distort important facts.

Now, we are not attacking the programme of the advanced eugenists because "What was good enough for Grandfather is good enough for us."

We are not swayed, either, by sentimental reasons—although those are powerful.

Our objections are based on hard logic—and eminent medical opinion is on our side.

Lord Dawson of Penn says marriage dictatorship is an idle dream.

He knows that, in studying hereditary disease, medical science is still baffled, and very far from being able to pronounce sweeping judgments.

There's Lord Horder, too. How is it, he asks, that one man in a family has arteries which last until he is eighty, whereas another's fail at the age of forty?

And why is it that heart disease is hereditary in some families and not in others?

We consulted another cautious authority—the Bureau of Human Heredity, established in London and working under the auspices of the British Medical Association and the Royal College of Surgeons.

The Bureau's object is to be a clearing-house for facts about all aspects of heredity.

Already it has discovered that a study of immediate family history does not necessarily represent finality.

It has proved that individual characteristics may be derived from twenty-two antecedent generations.

National enquiry

The fact is that doctors do not know where heredity stops and environment begins as a cause of disease.

Clearly, then, before even a suggestion is made that the general public be dragooned into selective marriage—and possibly compulsory sterilisation—the medical profession must solve that great problem.

The time has come for the establishment, with Government support, of a National Council for Eugenical Research, on the lines of the Medical Research Council.

A great national enquiry into the medical eugenical and sociological reasons which prevent us from being an A1 nation could do more than all the Keep-Fit campaigns which tackle the problem from the wrong end.

When the people are living in healthy surroundings, eating good food, free from worry about their jobs; and when our doctors know everything there is to know about physical and mental disease—then, and not till then, will it be time to study whether human stock-farms are necessary

Ban these Baby Shows

HUNDREDS of helpless babies will suffer needlessly during the next few weeks.

As many mothers will be disappointed, chagrined, duped.

They will be the victims of the stupid amateur baby shows which are now being planned for the summer season all over Britain.

The evil of the improperly conducted baby show is difficult to combat, because it arises from ignorance rather than deliberate callousness.

Organisers of village fetes, seaside carnivals, country shows think: "We'll have a baby show."

Without knowing anything about the subject, they go ahead with gimcrack arrangements for one.

☆ Equally unaware of the trouble ahead, many mothers proudly enter their babies for the event.

Then what do they find?

Here is the experience of one mother:—

"Thirty women and thirty babies were all herded together in a tent.

"We waited there for an hour. There was no water supply, nowhere to warm baby food or milk, nowhere even for most of us to sit.

"My baby was lucky because I had brought a vacuum flask, but not many other mothers had been as thoughtful.

"The women's cloakroom, the only one available for the entire show ground, was ten minutes' walk away.

"At the end of an hour the judges came round, obviously knowing nothing about babies. They gave first prize to the only baby who wasn't crying.

"Perhaps he deserved it for being tough enough to withstand such discomforts without protest!

"Never again!"

☆ That's what mothers say, too, if they are silly enough to enter for one of the evening baby shows which are now becoming popular as interval entertainments at local cinemas.

These are held at an hour when every baby should be asleep in its cot, and in an atmosphere into which no baby should be taken.

The absence of medical men leaves many of the mites open to danger from over-excitement or infection.

It is with the hope of abolishing this type of show that the National Baby Week Council consider it inadvisable to accept prizes or donations given for the object of advertising trade commodities.

The Council understand that properly organised shows, with hygienic conditions, medical men in attendance, and scientific judges, may be instructive to mothers as well as good, healthy propaganda.

☆ But they are the first to agree that amateur shows should be abolished.

They are doing what they can to this end, but it is not much. The real remedy lies with the mothers.

That is why JOHN BULL to-day warns all mothers to avoid improperly conducted events.

Make sure that the show is being held under the auspices of some sound body like the National Baby Week Council or an Infant Welfare Centre.

Have nothing to do with amateurs.

If you can't take care of yourself—think of your baby!

MAY 21, 1938

Both the Law and Medicine are crowded with brilliant young men who can barely earn a living. Of 3,000 barristers it is doubtful if 2,550 make more than £5 a week.

Trained for SLAVERY

£2,000 Scholars at £10 a Year

SIX weeks or so to the end of the school year—in public, finishing, grammar, secondary and elementary schools alike.

Less than two months for 400,000 boys and girls to decide what they are going to do with their lives.

How many of them will go into the professions?

One can only judge from last year's figures—adding a few because the demand for a professional career goes up steadily year after year.

The parents of at least 20,000 of the 300,000 children leaving elementary schools will undertake the biggest financial sacrifice people of lowly means can make.

They will accept a few shillings a week for their child's labour, or even forego wages altogether, to get the child into an office where the rudiments of some professional career can be picked up.

An uncertain ladder to professional fame, certainly. But "Who's Who" is full of celebrities who have mounted it.

Then some 85,000 boys and girls will be leaving secondary schools in July.

LATEST secondary school figures available show that 46.1 per cent. go into professions or near-professions, and that percentage isn't likely to drop.

Say that 40,000 of them will court the professions.

Add another 10,000 from the 15,000 boys who will be leaving public schools. And another 5,000 from other sources.

It is safe to assume 75,000 of the boys and girls for whom schooldays are to become a memory after July will seek the stolid respectability of professional life.

With what high hopes they face the future!

But would it be so if they knew how the professions tremble at their coming—tremble because with each new influx the battle of life becomes fiercer?

For the plain, unvarnished truth is that the professions are overcrowded. Together, they comprise the most overcrowded of all the markets in which men and women struggle to sell their services.

IT is a slave market for scores of thousands.

And in it many of the 75,000 youngsters who will soon be leaving school with high hopes and dazzling dreams are doomed to be sold as slaves.

Slaves? Why, slaves always had a price.

But many of the people who have spent thousands of pounds to become doctors, research workers, barristers, accountants—to mention but a few of the professions—can command little or no price.

To begin with, there are fully qualified teachers who left college three or four years ago who have never had a job of any kind.

Doctors of Science, Bachelors of Medicine, Bachelors of Chemistry can be got quite readily at wages ranging from £3 to £4 a week.

You don't have to know a lot about science or medicine to realise what an immense expenditure of money and effort, what high hopes and grim determination to succeed go to acquiring such degrees.

Add ten bob a week and you can get a Master of Chemistry, whose training might have cost him anything from £2,000 to £4,000.

Cancer research. You have heard of it. You know the desperate need of it.

Some of the leading scientists who are probing to find the causes and always hoping to find the cure of this most terrible of all scourges get from £5 to £8 a week.

Seven pounds a week is the wage packet of one Government scientist who is working out a method of measuring by light—which should one day be worth scores of thousands of pounds a year to industry.

Hundreds of brilliant young physicists envy him his good fortune.

Many of the men who investigate diseases on behalf of the Government, the universities, hospitals, and so on, are happy to get from £200 to £300 a year.

More astounding, at first sight, is the fact that there are "chairs" at universities — the occupying of which entitles a man to call himself a professor—carrying emoluments as low as £150 a year.

We say "at first sight" because it is not the incredible meagreness of the reward paid by the university that is astounding.

Very often the university is providing that "chair," that professorship, because the scientist concerned is in imminent danger of starving to death while working out problems that may one day mean life or death to you.

They can't offer him charity. So they give him a professorship that enables him to continue the work which the nation can't afford to lose.

One of the most eminent of these men lives in a big house in a condition of sheer poverty.

A JOHN BULL representative went to see him.

His rooms are bereft of furniture. Hung up in his hall is the tin hat and other kit of his soldier son, killed on the Somme. The hall contains no furniture. There are curtains at the front, but none at the back.

He studying for the future, dreaming perhaps of winning great profession. But the professions are crowded out—as more heartbreak and poverty than golden reward

This isn't eccentricity. It is downright poverty.

Courteously, patiently, he supplied all the information sought by our representative for a scientific article, refusing payment for his help on the grounds that it was his duty, as a scientist, to provide scientific guidance for the public whenever it was wanted.

At great pains he was persuaded to accept our usual rates of payment—after which he confessed: "I am afraid I am unused to my work earning me more than a few shillings."

EQUALLY astonishing is the fact that in many of our most important medical schools our doctors of the future are taught by men getting from £3 to £5 a week.

Doctors. Ah! you think they do very well.

Who doesn't regard his medical practitioner as a man with a fast-growing bank balance?

Yet probably half of the young people who are training at this moment to become doctors are doomed to a lifetime of struggle to keep up appearances.

Again the cause is overcrowding.

In this country there is one doctor for every 700 of population. That means one doctor for every 175 families.

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...ing perhaps of winning fame in a ...ons are crowded out—and they offer ...erty than golden rewards.

Because churches are empty starvation stipends are the lot of many young clergymen, and there are highly skilled accountants earning less than 30s. a week.

And the medical schools are pouring out 3,000 new doctors every year.

Take a typical student just leaving a public school. Unless his father has a fortune, what a dreadful choice he has to make.

His education up to the point where he became a matriculated student at sixteen probably cost £1,000. Fees and training expenses since then will have totalled about £300—apart from the cost of maintenance.

In short, it will have cost somebody about £2,000 to make him a doctor.

But even now he can't just step into a job.

His qualifications may fit him for research work—but he knows that that way lies starvation.

It sounds sinister, seeing what research means to the race: to humanity as a whole.

But it's true!

He can try to get into public health work, which usually yields a good salary—although there are certain authorities which engage part-time medical officers of health at as low as £10 a year.

But good jobs in that sphere don't come easily.

Lots of young doctors who haven't the money to buy a practice, and daren't take the risk of borrowing, try other methods of "putting up a plate."

Some free-lance, mixing up such jobs as examining workpeople in factories with week-end or holiday relief work for other doctors. Years of hard work of that kind and they might save up enough to buy a cheap practice.

Sixty per cent. of new doctors dash at buying a practice at once.

Doing that means, in effect, buying your own wage-packet.

As a rule, about £2,500 down is asked for a £1,000-a-year practice—which, it must be remembered, may only yield an income of £500 to £600 a year when all expenses have been paid!

AND on top of that the young newcomer doesn't always get a fair deal from National Health Insurance.

Too many old doctors, working in partnerships of four or five, have seized a greedy share of the panel.

For them, perhaps, the Health Insurance fee of 9s. per patient per year doesn't represent any chronic kind of underpayment.

But for the young doctor it often represents slavery.

The various medical associations know for a fact that there are some thousands of doctors in practice in this country who can't earn £3 a week.

It is not at all rare for a doctor to have his furniture seized for arrears of rent at the height of the struggle.

One very tragic story of that kind is remembered vividly at Wembley.

A brilliant young medical man who was beaten by the impossible task of maintaining his family and payment for the practice, had his furniture seized for debt.

He pretended to his wife that he had got a job as *locum tenens* . . . was found by the Wembley police sleeping in a watchman's hut with his last few coppers in his pocket.

His last silver had gone to his wife in a pathetic effort to keep up the pretence that he had got a job.

And now let us turn for a moment to that second cousin of medicine—the chemist.

Fully qualified chemists are often being advertised for nowadays at from £2 10s. to £3 a week.

And dispensers, on whom rests the dreadful responsibility of interpreting prescriptions that are often almost unreadable, are sometimes paid as low as 30s. a week—for incredibly long hours.

Then there's accountancy. No profession is more wearing or wearying than that.

The wizardry that enables a man to sum up in two columns of figures the whole financial operations for twelve months of some big company with millions of pounds of capital is not lightly to be acquired.

Indeed, among the most difficult examinations set every year are those which qualify men to call themselves Chartered Accountants or Incorporated Accountants—to name two of the leading accountancy societies.

Yet there are fully qualified men earning as little as 30s. a week.

In fact, an official of one leading society said recently that he "couldn't deny" that there are men capable of drawing up and putting their signatures to any balance-sheet in the land who are drawing a mere £1 a week.

There are two main reasons why that profession is chronically overcrowded—and why conditions are fast growing worse.

One is that many established accountants are too greedy in accepting pupils at fees of fifty or a hundred guineas.

An apprentice whose father has paid that sum, and who has to work a period of years for the accountant for next to nothing, may find at the expiration of his indentures that three or four beginners are taken on at the same premium.

He plods along until thirty or thirty-five at a wage that makes it impossible for him to marry, and probably finishes up by taking an ordinary clerking job.

The other reason why so many trained accountants plod the streets for jobs is that too many societies have taken to themselves the right to set examinations in accountancy, and bestow the title of accountant—with some added high-sounding appellation—to whoever passes that examination.

THEN there's the Church. To expose the over-work and under-payment of which so many clergymen are chronic victims would be to retraverse ground we have already fully covered in JOHN BULL.

No problem of overcrowding here. Rather is it a case of the underfilling of our churches.

And to a great extent the remedy for that lies with the Church itself.

Well-paid clerics in parishes where there is little work to do can help.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have already appealed to them to remember their poorer brethren who slave among the poor of the bigger industrial parishes at starvation stipends.

If they don't obey that appeal with greater generosity and alacrity they should be made to by the Church.

Then there's Law. There is moaning at the Bar with real reason these days.

Of 3,000 barristers in active practice, it is doubtful whether 15 per cent. of them manage to make £5 a week.

There isn't a single woman in practice who can make a living by pleading.

And that can be said of the majority of the men.

A London magistrate told recently from the Bench of a barrister he had just met.

He had had no brief for months. "He had had one meal in four days," said the magistrate.

Many of those who flit from Court to Court to hear cases conducted by people more fortunate than themselves have gone a year or more without a brief.

As to those "huge earnings" at the bar—a few fashionable leaders get those.

Two guineas is the usual fee for a day in the county court. And that sum sometimes represents payment for preparing the case as well—which is usually more difficult than presenting the case.

Not even the 150 King's Counsel are all highly paid people, as is popularly imagined.

A minority of them gets more than £1,000 a year.

Actually, it is easier for a solicitor to get a good living—speaking generally.

BUT behind the door marked "Private" in countless offices throughout the kingdom works a fully qualified solicitor whose name doesn't appear on the front plate, who does all the responsible work of the establishment at less than an artisan's wage.

A year ago we could have written about architects in much the same way as we have written about the other professions.

But rearmament is a bit of good luck for most of the men who have spent years of struggle in that profession.

The Government, the shadow factories, the munition makers, the builders of rearmament property and many more want draughtsmen, draughtsmen, and still more draughtsmen.

Men who were feeling the pinch a few months ago are now enjoying a comfortable £5, £7, even £10 a week.

What a pity it needed a threat of war to do that for them. . .!

These, then, are the professions with the lid off. That the rush to enter them will grow bigger and bigger is known by the professions themselves. That is why they tremble.

No unemployment figures show *their* plight. There are no minimum salaries to protect *their* salary slaves.

The greater the influx, the lower the salaries. Here the law of supply and demand does its damnedest.

To those 75,000 girls and boys who will be striving to become "professional ladies and gentlemen" from next month we say: We don't want to stop you, but we think you ought to know.

Two Lovely BLACK EYES

"Hello! Tommy," he said, "I want a word with you."

DOCTOR CHRISTOPHER ELLIOT swore under his breath as he replaced the whistle in the top of the old-fashioned speaking e and tumbled out of bed.

Why in the name of creation did nen choose such awkward times for rying out their natural functions? n all probability the baby wouldn't born for hours yet. It was a dog's life.

s he drew on his clothes, however, irritation faded from his rugged e. Everyone in Seascale knew that ris Elliot's bark was worse than his e.

A few moments later he was striding ckly through the grimy streets, now erted, in which his tall, muscular ure was so well known.

About forty-five years of age, Chris iot had spent twenty of those years dockland. His fine physique and a ndiness to use his fists had won him le respect.

The house to which he had been sumned was one of a mean row, overking the river. A gentle smile softened hard face as he looked at the girl ng on the bed.

"Hello, Grace," he said. "How's ngs?"

Grace Dalton was a little slip of a ng. There was fear in her big brown es.

"I'm glad you've come, Doctor Chris. I'm frightened."

"You'll be all right. Take that from me. Where's Bill?"

"Out."

"Gone an errand somewhere?"

"No. He—he hasn't been home since teatime."

Chris Elliot's face was grim as he attended to his work. He knew William Dalton; knew that, although he was a nice lad, there was more than a trace of weakness in his make-up.

"Getting into bad company, eh?"

"He's been out of work a long time," said Grace loyally. "And Tommy Farrell has such a persuasive tongue."

★ "So he's getting mixed up with Tommy, is he? Doesn't he know Tommy's as crooked as they make 'em?"

"Yes, but—— Well, he can make you believe black's white."

"And your Bill's gone off with Tommy Farrell, leaving you to have your baby alone."

Grace Dalton's brown eyes flashed angrily.

"He didn't know I was so near. I hadn't started when he went out."

Some time later the population of Seascale had been increased by one.

Doctor Chris made his patient comfortable, with a tiny fluffy head in the crook of her arm, and packed up his bag.

He had just reached the bottom of the stairs when the house door opened, and William Dalton hurried in.

"Hello, Bill," said Chris. "You've been in the wars."

The young fellow's clothing was disarranged, the muffler round his neck hanging loose.

His breathing was rapid and irregular. Round his right eye was a big bruise, which would inevitably blacken in the next day or two.

"What are you doing here?" he gasped.

"If you hadn't left your wife when she needed you most, you'd know all about it.

"You've got a son, Bill. Though I'm hanged if you deserve one."

"Is she—all right? Can I see her?"

"Better straighten yourself up first, hadn't you? Don't let her see the right side of your face if you can help it.

"Come round to the surgery in a quarter of an hour for some medicine for her."

"All right, Doctor. Thanks. Lord, if I'd known ——"

There was a scowl on Chris Elliot's rugged features as he walked back home.

He knew that Tommy Farrell was a dangerous, plausible crook. It was bad news that Bill Dalton was getting mixed up with him.

He was just inserting his latchkey into the surgery door when two police officers came along the street.

"We're lucky, Doc," said one of them. "I was bringing Constable Lewin to see you. He's been knocked about a bit. Will you look him over?"

★ "Sure, Sergeant," replied Chris. "Come along in."

The constable, with blood all over his face, looked a sorry sight.

But when Chris had cleaned him up, he found that things were not so bad as they seemed. A two-inch cut on the forehead had bled profusely. He got out needle and gut to stitch it up.

"What's been happening?" he asked.

"Just found him knocked out behind Ryecroft's, the pawnbroker's," explained the sergeant.

"The place had been burgled, and he came along as the thieves were making their getaway. There was a scrap, and he got the worst of it. The pity is that he couldn't recognise the men."

"They had handkerchiefs tied round their faces," said the constable. "But I marked one of 'em. I managed to land one swipe, and I'll guarantee he's got a lovely black eye."

Chris Elliot's hand did not waver as he threaded the needle.

"That should be a useful clue," he commented.

★ "You bet it will!" agreed the sergeant. "We'll be on the look-out for anyone with a black eye."

It was too late already. Chris frowned as he stitched up the wound. Little Grace Dalton would have a nasty shock within the next day or two.

"No idea who these two men were?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied the sergeant. "But we're bound to get the one who is marked."

The surgery bell rang. That would be Bill. Chris's face showed neither excitement nor alarm.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, and left the two police officers, closing the door behind him.

Admitting William Dalton into the waiting-room, he ushered him through another door into the kitchen.

"Wait there," he said. "I want a word with you."

It was all wrong, of course. He ought to hand Bill over to the police at once.

But he couldn't get out of his mind the memory of Grace's frightened brown eyes.

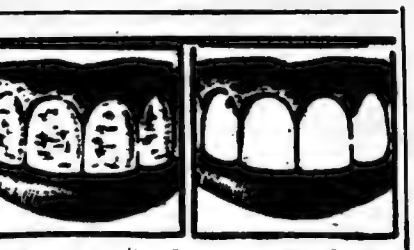
Returning to the surgery, he finished bandaging the constable's head and saw the policeman off the premises.

"I think he'll be all right."

"Good. I can use him. Come on,

(Continued on page 24)

Short Story by Frank King



Which of these will be a

Picture of Your Teeth?

Enamel Scratched and Scored or Sound and Spotless?—Your Tooth-paste will decide!

Cleaning your teeth can do more harm than good! If you are using a gritty, abrasive paste you are actually wearing away the thin coating of enamel which is all that keeps your teeth from decay. Sooner or later your teeth will look like the picture on the left.

Be sure that your tooth-paste is SAFE—that in years to come your teeth will still be as sound and spotless as those on the right. Compare your tooth-paste with the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send 1d. postcard for free sample to Odol, (Dept. J.B.13), Norwich. Put both to the Acid Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty change at once to Odol—the tooth-paste dentists recommend because it is so safe.

Odol

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Had your

HOVIS

to day

?

THERE IS STRENGTH IN EVERY SLICE . . .

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

NATURE says 'CHEW'

to keep teeth young and healthy

You can't be too careful about your teeth. Help them the way dentists recommend. Chew Wrigley's. Then your gums will keep firm, your teeth stay young and healthy. Wrigley's also sweetens the breath. Freshens the palate. Soothes the nerves. Get a packet of P.K. or Spearmint and start chewing to-day. You will be pleasantly surprised.

CHEW REGULARLY

WRIGLEY'S

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Nobody wants to leave Blackpool . . . Blackpool pleases everybody with its glorious seven mile promenade and clean beach, three piers, Pleasure Beach, ice skating, bathing, unrivalled facilities for outdoor sports and super indoor entertainments in the many ballrooms, pavilions and the theatres. Blackpool offers to all a never-to-be-forgotten holiday—Send to-day for the new Holiday Journal to W. Foster, Dept. 14, Town Hall, Blackpool
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Judith Allen, starring in Pathé's "Telephone Operator."

NOW IN Exciting New 6D tubes

A peach-blossom skin? A make-up that stays matt for hours? It's easy, if you follow this star way, use this star cream. Just a touch and presto! your complexion is lovelier than you ever dreamed possible. Its velvet surface can't come off. And all the time it's working for skin beauty: the secret new ingredient means glamour for you. Price does not apply I.F.S.

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CURES PILES

Continuing

Two Lovely Black Eyes

Lewin. We've got to find that man you marked."

Then he brought Bill Dalton into the surgery.

"I've just been stitching Constable Lewin's head," he said suddenly. "He gave you that black eye, didn't he?"

Bill's handsome face paled.

"You know?" he muttered.

"Sure. I know. Why did you do it?"

"Well, I've been out of work so long. Grace has had to keep on at the shop. They stopped her when they knew about the baby. And she can't go back. I wasn't going to see her starve . . ."

"No use trying that sob stuff on me, Bill."

"I'm not trying anything. I'm ready to take my medicine."

"The trouble is that others will suffer even more than you. Why had you to make things so much worse by attacking the constable?"

"I didn't!" protested Bill eagerly. "It was——" He broke off, biting his lips.

"Go on. Tell me who was with you."

"No. I—I can't do that."

"That's a point in your favour, anyhow," said Chris. "As it happens, I know who was with you. Will you swear that it was Tommy Farrell who knocked out the constable?"

"I shan't say anything, Doc. I can't."

"Okay. We'll leave it at that. What did you get away with?"

"Some rings, brooches, and other kinds of jewellery."

"Where is it?"

"Tom—he's got it."

There was silence in the surgery for a while. Chris paced about, occasionally glancing at the dejected boy.

★ At last he said, "Look here, Bill! If I get you out of this mess will you promise never to be such a fool again?"

"Oh, I will, Doctor!"

"By your love for Grace?"

"Yes. I'd do anything—anything at all—to see her happy."

"Right. I'll do my best for you. I haven't an idea yet what I can do, but I'll try. You take this medicine, and go home. Don't stir out of the house for a day or two. If you do, you're bound to get caught. Constable Lewin is looking for a man with a black eye. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Off you go, then. I'll be round in the morning to see if I can make that eye less conspicuous."

When Bill had gone Chris continued to pace about the surgery, grave and preoccupied.

He knew perfectly well that he oughtn't to be acting in this way. His duty as a citizen was to hand Bill over to the police at once.

Yet he felt that justice might be better served if he handled the business himself.

But what could he do? Even the fact that he knew the prime mover in the burglary didn't help him.

He had no proof. And if he denounced Tommy Farrell to the police, Tommy would immediately squeal and give his confederate away.

Yes, there was a way—a way of saving Bill, and at the same time ridding Seascale of a very undesirable character.

The success of his plan depended entirely on whether Tommy Farrell had disposed of the loot or not.

Fifteen minutes later he parked his car at the end of Emscote Avenue and walked along to Farrell's house.

Advancing up the little path, he rang the bell. No one answered. He rang again and again.

After considerable delay, the door was opened a few inches, and a voice spoke out of the darkness beyond.

"Well? Who is it?"

Chris hunched his shoulder and pushed the door open.

★ "Hello, Tommy," he said, catching the speaker by the arm. "I want a word with you."

The crook muttered an oath and tried to shake himself free. Chris's grip on his arm tightened. He pushed the man into a room opening off the hall and switched on the light.

"What do you want?" snarled Farrell. "What the hell's the meaning of this?"

He was a big, powerful fellow, though his pasty face showed that he was not in the best of condition. Chris eyed him keenly for a moment, noting the twitching mouth and shifty eyes.

"I want the stuff you've stolen tonight," he said abruptly.

"I don't know what you mean."

"You're lying, Tommy. And it won't do you a ha'porth of good. I know perfectly well that you broke into Rycroft's to-night with Bill Dalton, and——"

"The little swine! He's snitched!"

"You're wrong there. He wouldn't give you away. But I know. And I've come for the stuff. Better hand it over, Tommy. Robbery with violence is a serious business."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"No? Well, let's go upstairs and have a look in your bedroom."

"You can go to hell!"

"Now, now! Don't be so uncouth." Deftly Chris twisted the man's arm behind his back.

"You ought to be grateful to me. I'm giving you a chance. Don't bother doing any more talking. Just lead on."

Powerful though Tommy Farrell was the merciless twist on his arm unnerved him.

Obediently he led the way up to his bedroom. Chris looked round and noticed a locked cupboard.

"Open this," he ordered, giving another jerk to the twisted arm.

With his free hand the crook drew a key from his pocket and unlocked the cupboard. Inside was a small attaché case.

★ Chris flicked the catches open, and saw that it contained an assortment of jewellery.

"Is it all here?" he asked.

"Yes, damn you! And if you think you're going to keep Bill Dalton out of this you're making the biggest mistake of your life. If I go to jail, he goes too."

"That's what I feared," said Chris calmly. "That's the kind of swine you are."

Releasing the man, he suddenly crashed his fist into Farrell's right eye, sending him sprawling.

Farrell snarled, sprang to his feet and rushed forward. But the sight of the quiet, muscular figure awaiting him brought him to a stop

"Get out of here!" he shouted.

"Don't worry. I'm going. I shall hand this jewellery over to the police in such a way that they'll never know where it's come from."

"You mean you're not going to tell them about me?"

"There'll be no need." Chris smiled grimly. "They're looking for a man Constable Lewin hit, a man with a black eye. You'll have a perfect peach to-morrow.

"If you take my advice, Tommy, you'll make yourself scarce at once, put as big a distance as you can between yourself and Seascale—and stay away. That's all, I think. Good-night."

Leaving the man staring at him in amazement, he picked up the attaché case and walked out of the house.

Grace Dalton wouldn't lose her husband now.

Not a bad night's work, taking everything into consideration. Yawning, he decided to go home to bed.

On with its Head!

	R	A	I	N

One more letter, in the leading space above, is wanted to complete your Answer to the Clue, "Guard is sometimes needed for." What is it?

As soon as you have decided this little problem, turn to pages 36 and 37. There you will find that, for also finding commonsense Answers to this week's remaining Crossword Clues, your staggering reward may well be £20 Monthly for Life, £20 Holiday Cheque Yearly, and £500 in cash!

No time to lose!

Jack London

"LIFE," said that amazing writer Jack London, "achieves its summit when it does to the uttermost that which it was equipped to do."

Now this is one of those statements that sound almost a platitude, till you think out what it really means and all that it implies. Then you begin to see its depth and its profound wisdom.

Let us start right at the beginning.

What is Life equipped to do?

Well, that immediately necessitates another question—Whose Life? And the minute you ask that question, away we go.

Put Jack London's remark in a slightly different way.

"You will have achieved all you can do when you have done to the very best of your ability everything for which you have been equipped.

The Human Machine

"When you have developed to their full all your powers and abilities.

"When you have got your body and your brain working in perfect time and easily and efficiently."

Never mind what anyone else does or is doing. Your chief job is yourself and your own Life.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but you haven't time to indulge in flattery.

You need all the time there is to develop yourself along your own lines.

What Jack London really meant is that each person has something he can do better than anyone else: and your job is to find what you can do, and learn how to do it.

And then *do* it.

But don't run away with any idea that this is child's play.

It involves tremendous self-analysis and self-knowledge, and all the courage and determination you can muster.

And it will take you the rest of your life—so the sooner you start the better!

That's how husbands used to greet cold meals—but it needn't happen to you! Serve Pan Yan with every meal—it makes eating twice the fun, giving delicious spiciness to cold meat and cheese. And Pan Yan is specially blended to stimulate the digestion. You know that good temper starts in the stomach—Pan Yan is the way to start it and keep it!

AN AID TO JOLLY GOOD MEALS

Don't risk 'DRY ROT' in your shoes

"Dry Rot" in shoes is caused by the drying out of the natural oils which keep the leather pliable and waterproof. The leather becomes hard, dry, and brittle, and, in dry weather, cracks. In wet weather it absorbs moisture and shoes become soddened. The leather-preserving oils in Cherry Blossom Boot, Polish keep shoes pliable and waterproof.

That is why

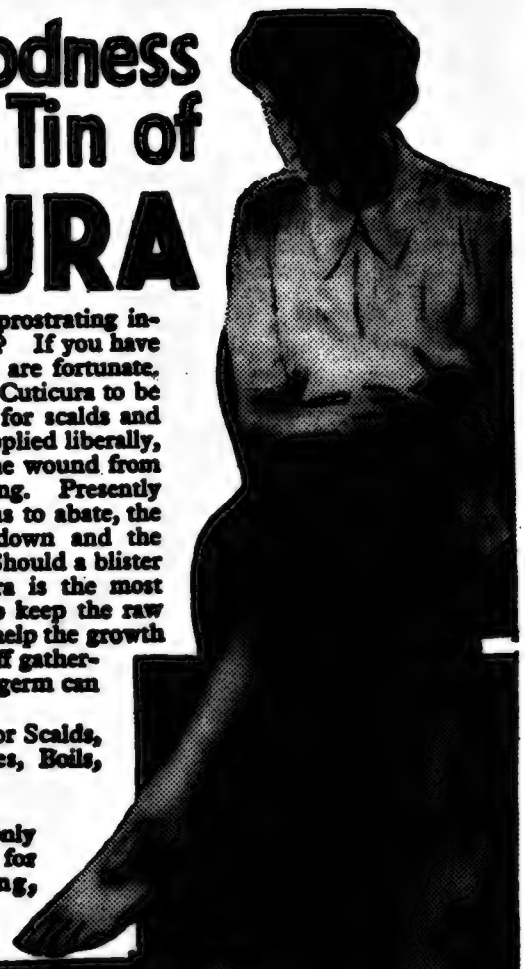
The DAILY polish with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

prevents 'dry rot'.

CB/KB/3

Thank Goodness I bought a Tin of CUTICURA



Is there a more agonising and prostrating injury than a bad scald or burn? If you have Cuticura Ointment handy you are fortunate. Over 50 years' use has proved Cuticura to be the finest first-aid and healer for scalds and burns. Applied in time and applied liberally, Cuticura Ointment protects the wound from the air and prevents blistering. Presently the terrible stinging pain begins to abate, the burning inflammation cools down and the injured limb is comfortable. Should a blister form and burst, then Cuticura is the most soothing healer you can use to keep the raw flesh clean and healthy and to help the growth of new skin. Cuticura wards off gathering and poisoning because no germ can exist where Cuticura is used.

A quick and unfailing healer for Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Eczema, Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Bad Legs, etc.

Skin sufferers should use only Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It has soothing, emollient properties.

Cuticura OINTMENT

HASTENS HEALING & GROWTH OF NEW SKIN

WHOLE WASH NOW DONE EASILY, SWIFTLY

YET CLOTHES BRIGHTER THAN EVER!

Bright!

She's bright all right! She gives her whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. And they come out snowy! She does no hard rubbing, of course, or scrubbing either.

Brighter!

Yes, brighter coloureds . . . that's her aim! So she gives them the Rinso 12-minute soak. No more hard rubbing and scrubbing! They come up absolutely lovely!

Brightest!

No wonder her neighbours are envious and are following her example. She gets the brightest clothes-line of all! She does no hard rubbing, no tiresome bending over the washtub . . . and she's bright as a new penny after doing her whole weekly wash!

WONDERFUL NEW RINSO *2-minute boil* FOR WHITES— *12-minute soak* FOR COLOUREDS GIVE BRIGHTEST CLOTHES-LINES HOURS SOONER

BRIGHT? . . . better than that! **BRIGHTER?** . . . better than that! **BRIGHTEST?** . . . Yes, the Rinso way to wash clothes gives the brightest clothes-lines of all! And women all over the country are changing over to it!

No wonder they're delighted. It has completely changed washday for them. Taken out all hard rubbing and scrubbing. Cut out all long boiling . . . the kitchen filled with nasty steam for 25 or 30 minutes . . . and all long soaking. And done away with all tiresome washing-through.

Yet it produces snowy whites, brilliant coloureds every washday.

This new way of washing was discovered through scientific tests and reduces the work of washing to two simple steps:

1. *The Rinso 2-minute boil.* For this, you simply pop the whites into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. No, don't rub them or soak them beforehand! Instead, simply dampen any extra-dirty places, sprinkle on a little Rinso and smooth it in. Then bring the clothes to the boil, as usual. And then, in less time than it takes to boil an egg . . . in just 2 minutes . . . they'll be snowy!
2. *The Rinso 12-minute soak.* This method is for your coloured clothes. You just put them into hand-hot Rinso suds and let them soak for 12 minutes. Don't scrub them or rub them hard at all. They'll be beautifully clean.

Rinso gives these wonderful results because it's so efficient. It draws every bit of dirt out of the finest, closest weave. That's why you don't have to do any of that hard rubbing which is so bad for clothes, and wears them thin and patchy.

And Rinso is just as safe as it's efficient. A quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds is ideal for your woollens and fine things . . . keeps them looking like new months longer.

Give yourself a chance to finish your weekly wash hours earlier . . . to get beautifully clean and bright clothes every Monday . . . and to get these results without any hard rubbing at all. It's easy! Buy a packet of Rinso . . . it costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet . . . and do your washing the new, quick Rinso way.

22545-364-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

Rinso

Reader's Story by G. Street

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. X, 365,710, G. Street, 29, Somerville Road, Bristol 7.

I Got My Man!

The last bullet hit his wrist, and with a cry he dropped his rifle. In a moment my revolver was in his ribs

"Clem Wellard, alias Burke, Stephans and Rand, also known as Clem Cutty among his associates. Age about forty-five. Complexion dark. Robust build. Wanted for murdering a warder at San Quentin Penitentiary and escaping. Known to have made for Klondike, and believed to be one of Soapy Smith's gang."

THE Inspector stopped reading, lowered the dossier, and looked at me intently.

I knew what he was going to say. The man was a killer, and, true to the traditions of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, I had to get him.

It was my first big job in the force.

"Get him alive, if possible, Street," the Inspector said.

"I'll do my best, sir," I replied.

Trooper Hilliard and I, both posing as prospectors, travelled across Lake Bennett to Carcross, a handful of tumbledown shacks.

THERE we entered a saloon—"The Miner's Rest."

"Where yer headin' for, pards?" asked the barman.

We spun a yarn that a pal had told us of pickings to be found in the hills behind the Indian camp, about forty miles north.

"Lot of pickings you'll find around this section," he sneered. "Everythin's bin raked clean. You'd do better to join Soapy.—he could do with a coupla guys like you."

"Soapy, eh?" Hilliard said. "A swell guy. At least, that's what my old pal Cutty says."

The barman stared.

"Know Cutty, do you?" he asked.

"Sure, in 'Frisco—an old pal."

"Or an old room-mate in San Quentin?"

Hilliard flared up.

"Say—what are you driving at?"

"No offence, pard. Just a little joke."

We hung about Carcross, and a day later saw two half-breeds pull their canoe up the bank and prepare camp for the night.

We hid ourselves behind one of the pines down by the shore of the lake and watched, for I was convinced that they had come on illicit business.

They might lead us to our man.

Soon one of them started off for the village. I followed. He made a long detour to avoid the shacks, and finally entered "The Miner's Rest."

At midnight he came out with four other men.

They went down to the landing and picked up some packages. There was little doubt that they contained raw "hooch," distilled in the hills.

Next morning they broke camp, hid their canoe in a trench near the saloon, and made for the hills.

Hilliard and I trailed them for two days before they reached their destination—a shack at the top of a ravine.

They were met at the door by Clem Cutty.

They stayed the night, but took the trail again at dawn.

Later I left Hilliard in our camp and climbed to the shack, but it was deserted As I was returning I heard voices. Cutty was shouting at Hilliard.

"So you're prospecting, huh," Cutty cried. "Who do you think you're kiddin'? Think I ain't got you and your buddy taped? Say, I came smell coppers a mile away!"

"You got us wrong, pard," Hilliard said.

"Quit stalling," the other snapped. "The two breeds put me wise. Told Sam you knew me in 'Frisco, eh? Thought Cutty was easy dough, didn't you—where's your pardner?"

I dropped behind a pine and drew my revolver.

"Here," I yelled. "Drop that rifle and reach for the sky."

HE whipped round, pumped a couple of shots straight at me. Hilliard leapt to get his gun, but Cutty dropped him with a shot.

Before the outlaw could take cover I fired three times.

The last bullet hit his wrist and, with a cry, he dropped his rifle. In a moment I had my revolver in his ribs.

I was in a dilemma. Hilliard, although not badly hurt, couldn't walk and mustn't be left alone, and I had a desperate criminal on my hands. There was only one way out.

"Cutty," I said, when I had shackled him to a tree and bound up his wrist, "you've still got one good hand. It's a stiff climb to the shack, but you've got to carry my friend there."

"Is that so?" he raved. "I'll see you in hell first."

"Maybe you're right, after all," I said. "The other way is perhaps the best way out."

Taking a rope we had used for our packs, I threw it over a tree branch.

"What's the big idea?" Cutty asked, his eyes popping.

"I'm going to constitute an emergency court," I said. "And I'm going to be judge, jury, witness and executioner all in one."

"Good God!" he shouted. "Hang me?"

"Right first time."

"You win," he said.

When we had got Hilliard to the cabin I saw that I would have to go to the Indian camp five miles away and get them to carry a message to the post at Lake Bennett.

"IF he makes the slightest move," I said to Hilliard, after I'd handcuffed Cutty, "shoot him dead."

Five days later we sighted our boys way down in the valley.

Cutty was taken to Skagway, and I believe eventually paid the penalty for his crime in California.

Thus ends another chapter in the history of the force which always gets its man.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

MANY of you are counting the days to your summer holidays.

But there are others for whom the sunshine holds no promise.

They are dogged by tragedy and misfortune. Holidays, for them, must remain just a dream.

A Paisley reader, as a result of war service, has been ill throughout the winter

In January he fell ill with pneumonia, and now, although out of danger, is still a sick man.

There are many other cases before us where illness, unemployment, and poverty are the terrible legacies left by winter.

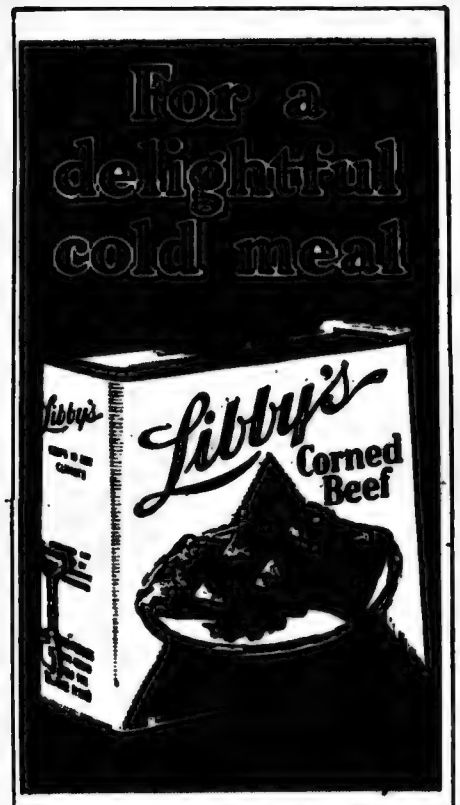
How can these people get sufficient nourishment to win back their strength—with only their Unemployment or Public Assistance allowance?

Unhappily, subscriptions to our Fund have dropped during the past month—but the tragic appeals continue.

If every reader who can afford a holiday would send even a small donation, we would be able to help a greater number of suffering ex-Service men and their dependants.

Donations should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Gifts of clothing are welcome.

There are no deductions for administration—every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.



...or a Quick One

With sauce or salad Libby's Corned Beef, fresh from the tin, provides a really delightful meal.

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Thirst and
BORWICK'S
LEMON BARLEY
Just add cold water. Ready in five seconds. Made from pure natural barley and lemons. The ideal thirst-quencher. Even the sight of it cools.
Just add cold water
BORWICK'S
LEMON BARLEY
POWDER
3d. 7½d & 10½d
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Many girls miss the greatest things in life because their looks are spoilt by ugly *COSMETIC SKIN*

MOST girls think they remove their powder and make-up *thoroughly* every night. But unknown to them, specks of powder and stale bits of powder-base remain deep in their pores. Soon pores get clogged, skin can't breathe. Then the signs of ugly Cosmetic Skin appear—roughness, drab colour, blotches, open pores, blackheads!

Powder harmless if removed this way

Hollywood has proved only one thing removes stale make-up completely—Lux Toilet Soap. Because its lather is *extra penetrating*, it floats out hidden powder deep in the pores that nothing else can reach. That's why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the *official* soap in all the big film studios. It keeps the famous complexions of the stars *flawless*—as they must be. It's thanks to Lux Toilet Soap that film stars don't get Cosmetic Skin!

Always before *you* go to bed at night and whenever you make-up afresh in the day, remove your stale powder as the film stars do with Lux Toilet Soap.

This pure soap with the penetrating lather will guard *you* from Cosmetic Skin. And more, it will give you the smooth, fine, dazzling complexion all men look for in the girls they marry.

LUX
TOILET SOAP
"I use powder and make-up but I don't get COSMETIC SKIN—I use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully. It makes skin exquisite."
BETTE DAVIS
(Warner Bros.)

3D. A TABLET. A *LEVER* PRODUCT

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only. TL 922-364

Starring in "HEIDI," a 20th Century—Fox Picture

SHIRLEY TEMPLE says..

Goody! "Puffed" Wheat for breakfast!

That famous smile of Shirley Temple's starts as soon as she comes down to breakfast. For she knows there'll be a plate heaped with crunchy "Puffed" Wheat waiting for her.

That's enough to make anybody happy, for you couldn't think of a more delicious breakfast temptation. And so good for you too—it's packed with the energy value of rich ripe wheat. And it's ready-to-serve straight from the packet.

P.188

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

SOLD IN BOTTLES at 1/3.

FOR INFLUENZA COLDS & FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" to

INSIST ON FENNINGS'

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

ASTHMA

[How Low Price of 4/-. *Made Possible by Increased Demand.*

If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty five years.

A Doctor writes:—
"*I have prescribed Himrod's with unbelieveable results*"

Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

There's beauty now for everyone

. . no more shiny noses!

From now on, never be troubled by shiny nose—the greatest menace of all to beauty. Snowfire Powder-Cream gives your skin an alluring 'matt' appearance that lasts the live-long day. And it never clogs your pores. There are five flattering shades to choose from—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory—lovely skin tones.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire

POWDER-CREAM

NEVER AGAIN

SUFFER

ACHES or PAIN

- take 2 Tablets of Phensic

Pain weakens your nerves. Phensic strengthens them. Pain wearies your heart. Phensic is actually a heart tonic. Needless suffering is out-of-date, for you can now take 2 Tablets of Phensic, however weak and invalid you may be, and have swift, safe, certain relief and comfort. Consult your Doctor about Phensic: he will send you to your nearest chemist for an immediate supply.

PRICES: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Stop HEADACHES NERVE PAINS LUMBAGO RHEUMATISM

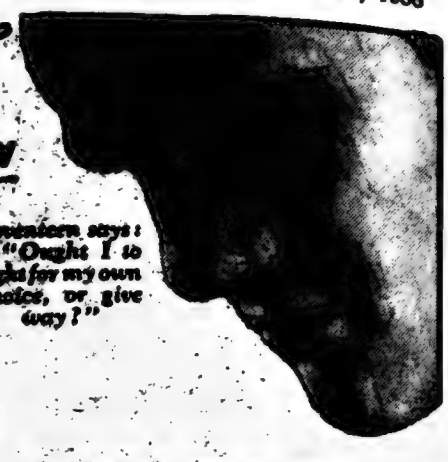
Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

Human Documents
by Philip Inman

Both Young and Old will want to know how "Humanist" solves these . . .



Seventeen says: —"Ought I to fight for my own choice, or give way?"

PROBLEMS of the 'UNDER TWENTIES'

SIXTEEN writes :—

SINCE I was thirteen I have kept house for my father and younger sister.

Before mother died we were well off, but through sheer bad luck father lost everything.

Now he works as a labourer and we live in a council house. As neighbours we have three middle-aged women who are always gossiping and quarrelling.

I have no friends and I hate this horrible existence. Reading is my only solace, but to me books have the same effect as alcohol on the sorrow-drowner.

One wakes up to find the same life—and goes back to another book.

What shall I do? I hate life and most things in it. But more than anything else, I hate myself.

She is advised :—

THE real cause of your trouble is the heavy responsibility you shouldered owing to the death of your mother.

The cure would be a complete change. Maybe that younger sister is old enough to keep things going for a while with a little outside help.

Why not talk it over with your father?

Perhaps you have some relations who would be willing to take you for a few months, or you might find a temporary job as a nursery governess.

This would provide you with both a home and pocket-money.

*

SEVENTEEN writes :—

RECENTLY I told my parents that I was tired of school and meant to try to get a job.

Sixteen says:— "I have no friends . . . and I hate life and most things in it"

Well meaningly, but nevertheless firmly, they insisted I should continue my education with a view to entering a training college or university.

They keep reminding me of the chances I have which they never had.

I am not selfish or obstinate, but I feel I cannot stand the brain-fag of endless examinations.

Ought I to fight for my own choice, or give way?

He is advised :—

YOU should urge your parents to allow you three months' rest.

You have already done well by matriculating, and I have no doubt that cramming has, as you say, caused you brain-fag.

A rest would enable you to see the future through clearer eyes and return to your studies with more zest.

But, if you are determined to leave school, I suggest you have a talk with your headmaster.

He may be willing to persuade your father and mother that your future happiness is more important than success as a student.

*

EIGHTEEN writes :—

MY grandparents, who are farmers, employ me and my two uncles. I work from seven in the morning until seven at night.

My only spare time is a few hours on Sunday.

Now grandmother has given me a greenhouse and a garden, which she expects me to tend by working overtime spring and summer.

She is very domineering and will not listen to my objections.

As grandmother and grandfather are both over seventy, I do not want to upset them by leaving.

I have no prospects of a better job.

He is advised :—

IF your parents are alive they should intervene. If not, could not your uncles point out that the attitude adopted by your grandmother is selfish and unreasonable?

But, if no one will plead your cause, you must stand up for yourself.

After a twelve-hour day you are entitled to rest and recreation.

You say you have no prospects of a better job, but it should not be difficult for a strong young man to find one.

So, if your grandparents remain adamant, go ahead and look for it.

*

NINETEEN writes :—

THE aunt who has brought me up was unhappily married, and is always advising me against marriage.

Men, she says, are worse now than ever. I have been made to read certain modern books, and even the "nice" men in them seem quite loathsome.

If they are true to life I certainly would rather not marry.

I am good-looking, have a small income and a good job. Though men have not yet attracted me, I feel I could care deeply for someone.

But is my aunt right?

She is advised :—

EVEN in the marriage lottery there are many prizes. Good husbands far outnumber the bad.

And while domestic trouble is shouted from the housetop, the happy marriage gets no publicity.

Your aunt is wicked to poison your mind because of her own unfortunate experience.

When you meet the right man, you will find how wrong *she* is!

Send your private problem to "Humanist"—the man who wants to help you—enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Address the envelope to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Letters sent to any other address cannot be dealt with.)

They've won pensions!

TWO typical young JOHN BULL readers have just won life-long incomes for using common-sense.

It was in our 104th Contest that 24-year-old Mr. A. Charlton, of Pollard Street, Bethnal Green, London, completed the entry which brought him the First Prize of 25s. Weekly for Life. He sat up night after night studying the clues.

Less concentrated but just as successful was the effort to secure a Crossword Pension of Mr C. Davis, of Lymington Close, Norbury, S.W.

He worked on the clues while travelling between home and the office.

A £5 Monthly Pension, £350 cash and Free Holiday rewarded Mr. Davis for his outright win in our 106th Crossword.

Turn to pages 36 and 37 of this issue and you will see that you can use either the new "Time-Saver" or the ordinary Squares for our Record One-week Holiday Crossword.

But whichever method you use, you must act promptly.

See that your entry is in by Saturday, May 28, if you want that gigantic three-in-one First Prize of £20 Monthly Life Pension, £20 Annual Holiday Cheque and £300 Cash!

Mr. Davis

Mr. Charlton

FOR STRENGTH

Drink Sandeman Port for strength. Drink Sandeman Port for Quality. Drink Sandeman Port because you'll like it and because you cannot get better value for money.

SANDEMAN

PORT

Who's for

NORTH WALES?

When fingers perpetually itch to click the shutter and the crop of snaps becomes a bumper harvest, someone's making holiday in North Wales.

Cameras work overtime west of Chester. They capture gorgeous views of towering mountain, ancient fortress, laughing mountain stream and fairy glen—record unforgettable, happy hours on the smooth sands of Rhyl, Colwyn Bay, Prestatyn and Llandudno. They snap youngsters splashing unattended in the sea—proof that North Wales bathing is the safest in the world.

Come with your camera to glorious North Wales for golden holiday hours of memorable loveliness. There are Cheap Monthly Return Tickets and quick comfortable L M S trains to take you.

And here's a special L M S facility. You can buy at any North Wales station a 10/6d. Contract Ticket. With it you can go to a new place every day for a week and explore in comfort the beauties of the district.

Beautifully illustrated folder "North Wales", "Cheap Fares" booklet and Holiday Contract Ticket folder free from your nearest L.M.S Station or Office. "Holidays by L.M.S" priced 6d.—on sale everywhere—contains numerous Holiday addresses in North Wales.

The Best Resorts are on the

L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

A thirst?-drink Bulmer's Cider

THE answer to a real thirst is apples—the 2½ lbs. of them that you find in every flagon of Bulmer's Cider. Bulmer's is real country cider made in the heart of the country by the genuine country process. And there's nothing quite like it for keeping fit. It's the apples that do it!

Ask for Bulmer's 'Dry' or 'Woodpecker' (Medium Sweet) **10½D. A FLAGON**

(In England & Wales only, 1/0 in Scotland)

2½ lbs. of Apples to every flagon

H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., Hereford. The Largest Cider Makers in the World. *reyds 40a*

CROSSWORD No. 110.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON pages 26 and 27 is presented the 110th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, LL.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, June 9, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 58, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or the tie for lump sum of £500 Guineas will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters in a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

A WATERING CAN *and* SANGRAL

Two splendid allies for gardening success!

The value of liquid manure in the garden cannot be exaggerated, and Sangral is acknowledged to be the finest liquid manure on the market to-day.

RESULTS IN 10 DAYS!

This remarkable soluble Fertiliser supplies vital organic nitrogen to the roots within 6 hours of feeding! In 10 days it works wonders with Flowers, Fruits, Herbaceous Borders, Lawns and Vegetables. Sangral contains NO CHEMICALS WHATSOEVER and cannot harm even the most delicate seedlings. It is also harmless to domestic animals. No wonder, then, that Sangral is regularly used in over one million British gardens, and that the greatest gardening experts sing its praises. They use Sangral themselves in their own gardens. Could they pay a finer tribute than that?

There is NO SUBSTITUTE for SANGRAL, so from now on, make your watering can do TWO useful jobs at one and the same time.

NOW is the time to use

SANGRAL

THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER.

6d. SOLD EVERYWHERE pkts., 1/6, 2/- and 5/- tins.

Sall.

Country House Gangs—

MAN BEHIND THE HEADLINES—*Every big country house robbery has borne the stamp of a "master-brain" whose organisation has made burglary big business*

Sensational Disclosures

SINCE January the papers have recorded scores of successful burglaries from country houses.

The total haul, at a conservative estimate, is £200,000—a gross yield that most big businesses would be proud to earn in so short a time.

Jewellery, plate, furs, and even art treasures form the bulk of the plunder.

They have been stolen by experts using all the resources of science and a degree of brain-power that would win success in honest walks of life.

Insurance companies, brokers and assessors who specialise in "cover" for personal and domestic valuables are rattled.

Result is that police chiefs from all over the country were recently called to a conference at Scotland Yard, at which notes were compared and measures planned to outwit this new crime menace.

What became clear from their comparisons was that somewhere in this country is a central organisation controlled by a master-mind—"The Boss"—directing the various gangs of thieves.

It has channels for securing information and others for disposing of stolen property.

What first put the police on the track was the fact that in dozens of recent country-house robberies there have been similarities pointing to a single directing mind, an extraordinarily efficient information service, and a strong sense of economy in purpose and risk.

For instance, most recent hauls of any importance have been dinner-time robberies.

There is less risk rifling a dressing-table or a jewel-case when the room's occupant is busy downstairs than when he is asleep in the room.

Now, different houses have different dinner-hours and different routines for servants.

Always, in the cases under review, the thieves seem to have known the routine.

And there are more similarities.

Radio was playing

When £3,000 was stolen from the Courtauld mansion at Halstead, in Essex, the radio was playing downstairs. The family was very fond of the radio.

It has a good loud one, and plays it during and just after dinner.

When Sir Felix Cassel's house was raided and a big haul made, it was on the night the Luton Town Band had decided to come and play in his front porch.

You see the connection there?

There is no waste of effort, either.

The night the Courtauld house was raided, the same thieves (so the police think) entered Lord Edward Hay's house at Epping, a few miles away, and removed sackloads of valuable plate.

Only a short time after they had left the Courtauld house, the robbery there was discovered.

A police cordon was thrown round the district. All cars were stopped and examined.

Yet, after disposing of their first haul, the thieves must have broken this cordon, not once, but twice—the second time going out with Lord Hay's plate.

From investigations into recent thefts, the police are certain that the gangs have an information "pool," which shares out news about the movements and habits of country owners and guests.

Some of the items come from the society columns of the newspapers.

That was the source tapped, you may remember, by Jack Barr and George Arthur Coates, the two lone-hand burglars imprisoned not long ago, and in whose possession were found properly indexed cuttings about the movements and possessions of wealthy people.

But "The Boss's" library is much more complete than that.

The police believe that his organisation works in this way:

During the summer the gardens, and even the interiors, of many country houses are open to the public on one or two days a week.

An admission charge is made, which is handed over to local charities.

To these places are sent tip-off men (or women) to make a note of the lay-out of the premises and the position and details of the principal bedrooms.

Probably they even take photographs of the window-fronts.

And, then, much more information may be obtained from servants.

Not long ago an advertisement was continually appearing in the domestic situation columns of several newspapers.

It asked for "a young manservant, who must have worked in a large house."

Applicants were to send full details of their previous employment, with names of employers, and an interview would be given at a time and place fixed by the advertiser.

This announcement caught the eye of the police, and some of the applicants were traced.

Servants questioned

They all told the same story. They had been seen by an affable gentleman (appointment in a hotel lounge), who professed acquaintance with the past employers, and was full of questions about the family's habits and routine.

He was, in fact, more interested in this subject than in the servant's experience and abilities.

The interview always ended with this man saying he would let the applicant know later about the job.

Needless to say, the servant never heard anything more. But "The Boss" and his organisation had probably obtained some very useful information for his card index.

Even worse, from the police point of view, is the advance made in the disposal of proceeds from these well-planned robberies.

Practically none of the jewellery stolen in this year's series of robberies has been recovered, though all the fences specialising in precious stones have been searched by the police.

The Yard believes that nearly all stolen jewellery goes out of the country. The gang passes it on to a central office, which pays as much as 30 per cent. of its market value—far more than the old-style fence would give—and then smuggles it into the Continent.

The changed *types* of articles stolen by the country house gangs also point to some very efficient method of distribution.

Until a few years ago, jewellery and gold boxes and plate were the only things taken.

But the new thieves also collect furs, miniatures, paintings, antique carvings and other works of art.

At Lord Harrowby's house last November thirty-six miniatures were taken. Jewellery and valuable heir-looms were left.

Bill Sikes of yesterday would not have taken miniatures because (a) he would not have known anything about them, and (b) his fence would not have bought them.

Even world-known works of art are stolen by the new thief and disposed of by his business organisation.

In this case, however, no attempt is made to sell direct. Every great picture is known, and the mad collector who would buy these things to gloat over them is a myth.

No! The pictures are held to ransom. The owner is told that if he pays a certain sum "and no questions asked" he can have his picture back.

If not, it will be destroyed.

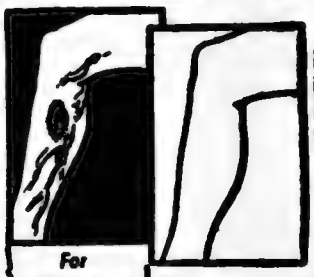
Usually, he pays. And art kidnapping is a profitable racket against which the police can do little.

Insurance of valuables lessens the responsibility of the owners towards the safety of their possessions, and that factor works on the side of the modern thief.

Add to it his highly developed organisation and methods, and you have country-house robbery assuming the status of an industry.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Heals Terrible BAD LEG



Eczema, Burns, Cuts, Bites, Sores, Boils, Spots, Wounds, Acne, Psoriasis, Sunburn, Abscesses, Ringworm

For **PILES** (Haemorrhoids) use **GERMOLOIDS** (Brand) 1/3 Per Box

Germolene heals the worst skin trouble in record time. It soothes pain and awful itch immediately and starts at once to grow new healthy skin over inflamed, fiery and sore areas. No trace of skin trouble can remain after Germolene has exerted its unique aseptic action. Get Soothing, Cooling, Healing Germolene TO-DAY!

Germolene 6D
Brand Aseptic Ointment
1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin Tubes 4/6

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6

THOSE MORNINGS WHEN YOUR HEAD'S ALL MUZZY

If there are mornings when you simply cannot get on with your work, if your brain won't concentrate and your head's all upside down, there's no need to go on struggling. You can have a clear head and get rid of all that muzziness and rotten feeling inside ten minutes. All you've got to do is to drop a couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in a glass of water and drink it when it's stopped fizzing. You'll be amazed how pleasant it is and how quickly it makes you feel better.

'Alka-Seltzer' is not a salts or a laxative. It's something quite new and different. It makes a pleasant, sparkling, refreshing drink that counteracts acidity, drives away the worst headache and makes you feel perfectly fit in no time. And 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets are simply wonderful for Indigestion, Wind and Heartburn. They are a double-action cure. First they bring almost instant relief to the pain. Then they help you to get well and keep well by counteracting the excess acid which causes your trouble.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

Fit as a Fiddle at Fifty

It's easy enough to ask for fitness from the youngsters. But what about the middle-aged?—the men and women whose suppleness is slipping away, giving place to stiffness, stoutness, aching joints? The trouble with *them* is that their liver needs waking up. Sluggish liver leads to waste matter not being eliminated, then fatty acids form, or worse still, the stabbing crystals of Uric Acid.

Fynnon Salt is a Spa Treatment at home to stimulate the liver and kidneys and rinse the pain-making poisons away. Take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning. Soon Rheumatic pain disappears, unwanted fat is dissolved, life looks good again. Even at fifty you'll feel as fit as a fiddle. Large tins, 1/3 at all chemists.

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

SODIUM, POTASSIUM, LITHIUM these are the elements that give healing virtue to world-famous Spa waters, and they are combined in Fynnon Salt. Your own tap can now be a 'pump room,' and your Spa treatment will cost you about a halfpenny a day!

Fynnon every morning.
Fitness every day.

FYNNON SALT

A Spa Treatment at Home

How Professor Polland, the famous dermatologist of Graz University, Austria, prescribes for

FALLING HAIR

Dr. Polland writes: 'Falling hair is an inevitable sign that the scalp is being starved of its natural food—the roots fail and baldness will result unless this natural food is applied externally. Silvikrin, which I always prescribe in such cases, is the hair's natural food: besides stopping hair falling and preventing dandruff, it actually makes new hair grow.'

Under the microscope, as Mr. Horne-Norman sees it—a much magnified section of the scalp and hair root. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out, but if the fibrous real root beneath is alive, Silvikrin will make new hair grow.

(Above) Mr. Horne-Norman, whose falling hair was bringing him rapidly to baldness. See how healthy his hair is now—thanks to Silvikrin. Mr. Horne-Norman writes—

1a, Queenscourt, Wembley, Middx.

"For several years I have suffered from dandruff accompanied by the loss of hair with the consequent result of becoming "very thin on top". Six weeks ago, I was induced by my hairdresser to take a course of Silvikrin treatment. The result has amazed me. Dandruff has completely disappeared and new hair is already appearing. In view of the many so-called hair remedies on the market, I should like to emphasize my appreciation of Silvikrin."

(Signed) L. Horne-Norman.

WHAT YOU NEED

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—
Ask for **SILVIKRIN LOTION**

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore healthy new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food—
Ask for **PURE SILVIKRIN**

Obtainable from all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

To sufferers from dandruff and falling hair—even those afflicted with baldness—the amazing work of Dr. Weidner comes as a godsend. For it was he who discovered the fourteen separate and distinct organic elements that the bloodstream should be supplying to the scalp for healthy hair growth. These he compounded, in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. Silvikrin, therefore, because it is what the hair roots should be getting *naturally*, quickly clears up dandruff and prevents falling hair, *and if the root is alive, makes hair grow.*

Look up your hair trouble in the table—see what you need—and get your Silvikrin to-day.

Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

L-45-H

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up callousses and corns, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-spirin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves unneed misery. Money back if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails. At Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all chemists.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Body 30in. long

Compact Stowaway Carriage, fold-over handle, rubber grips, sprung chassis, leatherette ribbed cushion, brass mudguards, hood and apron safety bolt. In Wedgwood Blue, Grey, Green, Maroon or Black. Carriage Paid. Cash or 7/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams Free.

7/- now

J. C. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

DO YOUR FALSE TEETH ANNOY YOU?

If your Teeth slip or click, cause you constant annoyance and embarrassment, sprinkle Dr. Wernet's Powder on your plates. It renders suction perfect instantly—grips teeth so secure yet comfortably they feel natural. Positively no slipping or clicking—blissful comfort assured all day long. Forms a special comfort-cushion to protect and soothe gums—no more soreness. No coloured, gummy paste—keeps mouth fresh—breath pleasant. Inexpensive—sold by Chemists everywhere.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS COMPLETELY BANISHED

The Still Remedy

Dr. SINGHA'S BRAND TABLETS

TRIAL SUPPLY FOR 3½ IN STAMPS

1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 12/- and 20/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

DR SINGHA CO LTD CAERNARVON

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*—*even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.*
—But it must be KEATINGS

Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

Your Child's Health is at Stake

When it comes to choosing medicine for your child there can be no two ways. Nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances where that is concerned—she will never gamble with 'cheap,' untried preparations.

And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach "upsets" she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Many mothers find 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets handy. Their pleasant mint flavour appeals very strongly to children, who take them eagerly.

Always remember that there is nothing "just as good" as 'Milk of Magnesia.'

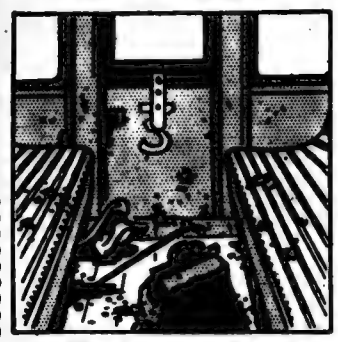
Sold by all Chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 (*Treble Size*)
Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

Cavalcade of the C.I.D. (2)



When a train drew into Hackney one night in 1864, bloodstains were found in an empty third-class carriage. On the floor lay a man's hat, bag and stick.

The track was searched and the body of a Mr. Briggs was found. He had been battered to death.

Clue of the Broken Watch Chain

But the hat in the carriage was not his—obviously the killer had taken the wrong one—and a further search revealed broken links of Briggs' gold watch-chain. The watch was missing.

Detectives immediately set to work to trace the owner of the hat—by its maker's name—and the rest of the watch-chain. The broken chain was found at a Cheapside jeweller's, who had taken it in exchange for a new one from a foreign-speaking man. Then a cabman identified the hat as belonging to his one-time lodger, Franz Muller. Muller, it was found, had given the cabman's small daughter a plush box bearing the name of the Cheapside jeweller, in which he had brought home a new watch-chain. But Muller had fled to America.

Detectives followed in the s.s. *Manchester*, latest Atlantic packet, which arrived in New York an hour before Muller's boat. He was arrested as he landed, brought back to England, tried and executed.

Stars without Limelight

UNTIL his country home at Beaconsfield caught fire, few people knew that such a person as Mr. K. O. Peppiatt existed.

Yet Mr. Peppiatt controls our destinies, for none of us could get very far without the use of his extremely valuable signature.

Think—where have you seen it?

"K. O. Peppiatt" is the clear, angular signature of the chief cashier of the Bank of England. It appears at the bottom right-hand corner of every Bank of England note, no matter whether the value be 10s. or £1,000.

No other man sends out so many and such valuable autographs as this forty-five-year-old giant of finance.

He is just one of several men who, almost unknown to the public, have immense influence in the nation's commercial and public life.

Millions of pounds change hands daily on the Stock Exchange. It is the most famous financial body in the world; yet who controls it?

A man who once went round Montrose golf links six times in one day to get a little exercise—Mr. Robert Barclay Pearson.

☆

He is a member of the Scottish Bar and was once legal adviser to the Lord Advocate. At Oxford he distinguished himself at cricket, football and rowing.

Near the Stock Exchange is the world-famous organisation of Lloyd's. It is a vast concern with 1,900 members, who take risks on everything from a giant liner to a fine day at a flower show.

At one time the chairmanship of Lloyd's was given to celebrated men outside the financial world as a mark of extra distinction. Now it is reserved for those who are active at Lloyd's.

This year Mr. S. J. Aubrey occupies the chair. He has enormous responsibility, for the coverage risks at Lloyd's run into thousands of millions, and he must endeavour to safeguard the interests of all.

Each day finds him at his desk for hours at a time. At the week-end he finds relaxation in walking through the countryside.

☆

Go to the House of Commons when it is in session and you will see Sir Gilbert Champion sitting near the Speaker's chair.

Sir Gilbert, the Clerk of the House, one of the most important figures in Constitutional procedure, is the man the Speaker cannot do without.

Whenever the Speaker, or any Minister or member is baffled by rules of procedure, then Sir Gilbert is consulted.

Finally, there is the tall, military figure in Court dress who sits at the Bar of the House—the Sergeant-at-Arms, Brigadier Howard.

Keeping members in order is part of his duty. If necessary, he is empowered to eject them from the chamber by force. He even has charge of some cells in the precincts of the House. But he must never smile, never frown; he must not show any sympathy with any Party.

Derby Long-Shot

Race with "Silver Ring"

FINAL acceptance for the Derby is Tuesday, May 24. At the moment there are approximately 70 horses left in, and we can expect this number to narrow down to about 25.

My mail bag tells me that JOHN BULL readers do not want Pasch at 7-4 or Portmarnock at 7-1.

Numerous correspondents have asked for the best outsider.

I suggest standing on the Chester form and put up Cave Man. He showed that he can go the Derby distance.

Pasch beat him out of sight in the "Guineas" and if he also stays, like a true son of Blandford, he should, of course, confirm the Newmarket running.

Cave Man is a grandson of Manna, who won the Derby for the owner of Pasch a few years ago.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, May 19, to Wednesday, May 25.

H	A	K	X	U	Z	R	98	N	96	G	E	D	V	H	J	I	95	S	O	Y	97	L	W	T	P	94	M	P	Q	C	93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE

Batchelor's COOKED Peas are simply delicious!

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF THE NEW STYLE RECIPE BOOK TO BATCHELOR'S PEAS LTD., SHEFFIELD.

2d

VARNENE

the protective hard-wearing gloss

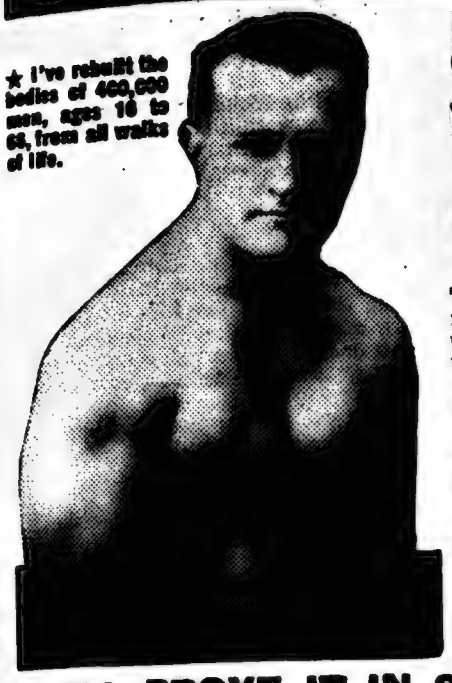
'Varnene,' the finer oil varnish stain, ensures a hard high-gloss finish to Floors which will not readily chip or scratch. Also excellent for renovating Furniture.

Obtainable at Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony, Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6.

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

"Give Me 15 MINUTES a DAY and I'll Give You a Body Like Mine!"



★ I've rebuilt the bodies of 400,000 men, ages 16 to 66, from all walks of life.

That's my unconditional guarantee. No matter how puny, underweight or under-developed you now are, I'll take the kinks out of your back, strengthen and broaden your shoulders, give you nerves of steel and a winning personality. I'll give you massive muscles, smashing strength, glowing health. I'll conquer your minor ailments. I'll give you a body like mine. These are bold statements, I know. But they are true. For twenty-five years I have been building mighty muscles on students all over the world. My system is so perfect, my experience so vast, that I don't just promise you muscle—*I guarantee it.*

I'LL PROVE IT IN 90 DAYS

That's all I ask. I'll put one full inch on your arm in 30 days—and two full inches on your chest into the bargain. You'll be amazed at the difference. But that's only a start—the foundation! In another 60 days, 90 days in all, I'll pack you with supple, solid muscle from head to feet, give you the limbs of an athlete—the physique of a champion. Your huge, square shoulders and massive, muscular body will carry all before you. You'll be a man—admired, respected and envied by all you meet. This is not empty bragging but sheer sober fact. I'll stake my twenty-five years' reputation on it.

THE MIGHTY SANDOW SAID . . . . .

"I have tested your system of Physical Culture, and I do not hesitate to express the opinion that it is a perfect health and muscle-building system, both from a medical and a practical point of view, and one which, if honestly practised, cannot fail to produce the best possible results."

EUGEN SANDOW, Former Physical Instructor to Royalty.

★ READ WHAT PUPILS SAY ★

'1¼ in. ON CHEST IN WEEK.'

248, Hale Road, Ditton.
February 14th, 1938.

"I have only had one week's course of seven exercises. My measurements have increased wonderfully—1¼ in. on the chest and 1¼ in. on the biceps. I can recommend with confidence your Course."

(Signed) WALTER LAMB.

'JAUNDICE—FIT IN 3 DAYS.'

111, Chester Rd., Seven Kings.
February 11th, 1938.

"I was at home recovering from Yellow Jaundice. In three days of commencing Lesson One I was back at work, absolutely fit and well. I can honestly say your Course is the one and only for health and strength."

(Signed) S. PATIENCE.

I do not publish letters with mere initials from imaginary pupils, but give full names and addresses of genuine unsolicited testimonials.

THE SURE WAY TO CONQUER FOR EVER . . . .
Coughs and Colds—Constipation—Catarrh—Anæmia—Poor Circulation—Indigestion—Excessive Weight—Underweight—Lack of Stamina—Loss of Energy—Nerves—Inferiority Complex—and other common ailments.

30/- OR 1/- A WEEK

My complete course of 12 lessons, 60 superb art photographs demonstrating various exercises, 2 diagrams of the human body and amazing exercise chart.

INCLUDING
ORIGINAL SANDOW CHEST EXPANDER FREE

★ Send for this Amazing Book FREE

This book containing photographs of myself and my students will thrill and inspire you. It reveals amazing secrets which every man should know. Send for it at once. No cost, no obligation. For the sake of your health, happiness and future life, post the coupon now!

EARLE LIEDERMAN,
UNIVERSAL INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE LTD.
(DEPT. J.B.1), OCEAN CHAMBERS, 24, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER, 3.

- EARLE LIEDERMAN, Director of Physical Instruction, UNIVERSAL INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE LTD. (Dept. J.B.1), Ocean Chambers, 24, Deansgate, MANCHESTER, 3.
- Please send by return, and without any cost or obligation, my copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

(Please write clearly in block letters)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope.

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered BAD CIRCULATION

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

IT is the function of the blood to carry health-preserving nourishment to the countless millions of living cells of which the body is composed. When it fails in this important function the cells break down and become diseased; *and this condition will persist until the blood itself is revitalised.* So-called "blood purifiers" are of no use in such conditions; impurities in the blood are merely incidental to the condition. The real trouble is that the blood has become chemically unbalanced; it is deficient in certain vital constituents, and drugging the system can never make good this deficiency.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

ELASTO, the new Biological Remedy, is not a drug, but a vital cell-food; it contains the missing blood-constituents in a highly potentized form, the only form in which the blood can take them up and use them. It is prepared in small, delicate tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is absorbed *directly* into the blood through the tiny glands of the mouth and throat. That is a distinctive feature of Elasto, and partly explains its wonderful effectiveness; *it does not enter the stomach.* Such ailments as varicose veins, varicose ulcer (bad leg), swollen legs, phlebitis, heart troubles, bad circulation, piles, rheumatism, hardened arteries and similar disabling conditions are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of the vitalising principles of the blood. No lasting improvement in these conditions is possible until the cause of the weakness has been removed, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, does this with complete effectiveness, in a manner new to curative science.

Elasto Benefits the Whole System!

ELASTO is a great constitutional remedy; it may be taken by all whose health is below par. Users are quite frequently astonished by its effect on their general health and vitality, they report improved digestion, freedom from headaches, greater cheerfulness and vigour, "liverishness" dispelled as if by magic, etc. To those who have no knowledge of the workings of our bodies, it may seem strange that a remedy taken for one ailment should be the means of bringing relief in other, and seemingly unrelated ailments, but this interesting fact is not so remarkable as it may at first appear.

A Good Circulation—the Real Basis of Health

IT is an indisputable fact that a sound circulation and healthy blood, rich in vital properties, is the basis of life and health. It follows logically, therefore, that the revitalised blood and improved circulation, which quickly follow the use of Elasto, cannot fail to bring real and lasting benefit to every organ and tissue of the body. The far-reaching effects of a revitalised blood-stream can be truly amazing; (hence the miracles of healing performed by means of blood-transfusion). Elasto is based upon the latest discoveries of curative, nutritional science; it is a pure, natural product, highly potentized, and is in complete harmony with the human system. *Elasto contains no animal gland extracts.*

Read what Users of Elasto say:

- *"No sign of Varicose Veins now."*
- *"Elasto put new life into me."*
- *"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."*
- *"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."*
- *"Now walk long distances with ease."*
- *"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."*
- *"My heart is quite sound again now."*
- *"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*
- *"Elasto has quite cured my Eczema."*
- *"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."*
- *"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."*
- *"My skin is as soft as velvet."*
- *"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."*
- *"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."*
- *"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."*
- *"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved."*

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with testimonials, *showing what Elasto has done for others,* we will gladly send privately, post free. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. *This offer is too good to be missed.* ELASTO (DEPT. 15.B), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser,* cures through the blood.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 21538. .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds

The Man Nobody Wants

INTO the offices of JOHN BULL walked Lawrence McDermott, thirty-seven-year-old ex-Service man—THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. He was starving.

Both his parents were born in this country; his widowed mother lives in Manchester, where she has spent most of her life.

Yet McDermott is being hounded from prison to prison—as an alien!

Recently McDermott was released after three months in Strangeways Jail, Manchester, on "detention."

Now he is liable to be rearrested at any time. He must report to the police daily, although a prisoner on ticket-of-leave need report only once a month.

This is his story:—

In 1915—when he was fifteen—McDermott joined up, and after active service returned to Canada, where he had lived since the age of five with his father. His father was killed in the war. His mother returned to Britain.

Then he got a sea-going job, and later had similar work in the United States. When the slump came he posed as an American, and joined the American Army in the name of Connolly.

McDERMOTT disliked the life, bought himself out and went back to the sea.

It was as a seaman that he returned to Manchester. There he was paid off and began to look for another ship. Then came disaster.

A bunch of British and American seamen started a brawl on the water-front. McDermott was in it—and was among those hauled off to the police-court and fined for disorderly conduct.

The penalty was £1 and costs.

McDermott paid it, and was leaving the dock when a police-sergeant said:—

"I further charge this man with being an alien, with landing in this country illegally, failing to register, and being without a passport."

He was remanded in custody for enquiries. Then—

For two months, despite his protests, this man was kept in jail and treated as a prisoner. His mother appealed. His sister appealed. His birth certificate was produced. But the police would not listen.

They insisted that he was an American.

He must be got out of the country!

Ultimately, McDermott was signed on as a seaman on an American cargo boat and some years worked for U.S. shipping companies. Then, in 1934, a U.S. emigration officer in New Orleans saw his papers.

"You're not an American, but a British citizen," he said. Back McDermott went to jail, this time for two and a half months.

After that he was shipped out in a Norwegian tramp.

But when she put into Mobile, Alabama, for repairs, he was again locked up as an alien.

Meanwhile, the British Consul in New Orleans had issued him a seaman's passport, enabling him to land in the United Kingdom.

LAWRENCE McDERMOTT
Hounded from prison to prison

FURTHER trouble came in September, 1936. This time the place was South Shields. He was trying to get a job there, when a friend "tipped him off." The police were after him. He was an "alien."

McDermott dodged them by stowing away on the s.s. "New Sevilla," a factory whaling ship bound for the Antarctic.

When the ship was sixteen hours out of port the fugitive reported to the skipper and became one of the crew. He served on that ship for the duration of the fishing—and gave complete satisfaction.

Applying for work as a temporary postman, he gave details of his unblemished Service record, and said that his nationality was British.

To make sure he was on safe ground, he called on the Manchester police.

Once more he was arrested, once more charged with being an unregistered alien, and once more the police opposed bail. He was later given six weeks' hard labour for offences under the Aliens Act.

Now McDermott is broken and penniless.

Because he enlisted in the U.S. army by pretending he was an American, the authorities seem determined to rob him of his British nationality.

He never took out American citizenship papers.

In this instance the Alien Law has been applied to a point of utter absurdity.

JOHN BULL asks the Home Secretary to examine this innocent man's case.

He has a right to his British citizenship, and should be compensated for his sufferings.

LONG ODDS NOW for the DERBY

Send for Price List

Back your fancy for the Derby —now—at Long Odds—with

DAVID COPE

ESTABLISHED 43 YEARS IN THE CITY OF LONDON

Whether you bet regularly or only occasionally, you are offered the privacy and convenience of a

CREDIT ACCOUNT

Commissions can be placed by Telephone, Telegram or Letter.

Telephone: CENTRAL 4030 (100 lines)
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The most generous terms are given, including NO LIMIT Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts; and No Limit to the amount that may be won on any day.

A FREE copy of the Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary, containing 256 pages of useful and interesting information for the backer, is sent to all new clients with an acknowledgment of their first commission.

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account, and reserve for me a copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
J.B. 21/5/38
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £

DAVID COPE
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

Private Mary Atkins

BRITAIN is to have a Women's Army.

Recruiting will soon begin. And it's going to be a big thing.

War Office experts hope to enlist 100,000 young women who will form a Shadow Service, highly organised and fully trained, but will not become an effective force except in case of emergency.

Having joined up, Private Mary Atkins will be posted to a unit of the new organisation.

She may be ordered to undertake clerical work; car or lorry driving; communication work; cooking; cleaning; waiting at table—any of the numerous jobs she can do as well as, if not better than Private Tommy Atkins.

She will be placed on the same footing as a Territorial soldier. But her unit will not be reckoned part of the Territorials unless war breaks out.

None the less, she will play an important part in national defence. Though the 10,395 men who joined the "Terriers" in April broke all recruiting records, Britain knows that security cannot be assured by men alone.

The last war proved that. Women were still regarded as inferiors then; were still without the right to vote.

Then the Waacs, formed in 1917, soon demonstrated their value, not only at home, but at the bases and communication lines overseas.

☆ Every four of them took the places of three soldiers as drivers, clerks or cooks.

Next came the Wrens, who did almost all jobs usually done by sailors except manning warships. Near the end of War the Wrafs were formed to help the Royal Air Force.

Had these corps been formed earlier, hostilities might have ended all the sooner. The lesson seems to have been grasped by Mr. Hore-Belisha.

But there are other points he should watch. Some of the women who "gave their services" in the Great War were, frankly, more nuisance than they were worth.

In the new organisation there should be no room for the idler who likes to prate about "doin' her bit" and "pullin' her weight, y'know."

There is indication that Mr. Hore-Belisha intends to throw all his energy into the completion of the programme which he will shortly announce.

He will have the country behind him.

The recruitment of women who can afford to devote part of their time to work of national importance will have more than practical value in allowing men to concentrate on anti-aircraft and other services.

Night Flood

DRIEST Spring since records began. Cattle famished for water. Baked earth defies the plough.

With summer ahead of us, these are the headlines. Scarcely a time, you would think, to discuss floods.

But while pipes are given to breaking, water-tanks to bursting, water damage can always be a menace—as many a householder knows to his cost.

There was drought in Lancashire the other week, but that didn't prevent a householder there fighting the biggest battle of his life against water.

It began when he woke in the early hours of morning to hear water pouring in a torrent into a downstairs room.

A minute of investigation and he found that the hot-water pipe connecting the kitchen boiler to the cistern had burst.

Floor coverings, the contents of cupboards and drawers had been soaked, pounds' worth of damage done.

It would have been tragedy indeed if he hadn't discovered that there is a burst hot-water pipe benefit—covering just such a happening—in connection with JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

He had signed the simple coupon that gives him the protection of this scheme.

So a letter to us—and JOHN BULL paid. This is also a benefit for damage by floods and there are many more unlikely things than flood in the midst of drought. Disasters you have never thought of might come your way. You'd be surprised to what an extent the JOHN BULL scheme protects you.

So perhaps you'd better turn to that coupon and sign it *now*. It's on page 14.

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

GREY HAIR banished

HINDES HAIR TINT is harmless fog-restoring and preserving the natural colour of the hair. Contains no grease. Easy to apply. Cannot be detected. Four shades: Light Brown, Dark Brown, Brown, Black. Chemists, Stores Hairdressers 2/6 per bottle.

HINDES HAIR TINT

FREE SAMPLE

Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to Hindes Ltd., 5 Great Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

AGONIZING BACKACHE!

"Suffering for 2 years from Kidney trouble . . . backache, dizzy, lost weight, I decided to try Bile Gin Pills. I now feel the best I have ever felt in my life!"—L.P., Hamilton. From chemists 1/3 and 3/-, or post free from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31/32a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Write for FREE sample!

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

USE KOLYNOS, the tooth paste that will make you proud of your teeth. KOLYNOS cleans quickly and effectively because of its proved antiseptic and cleansing properties. Use only half-an-inch, preferably on a DRY brush.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

— HE SAYS

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of attractive Fashions showing the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest money-saving prices, on the fairest Terms ever made.

NO CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS

Marchita

This fashionable Coat is produced in a lovely plain Wool material with a tasteful Angora fleck, and designed in the edge-to-edge style. Beautifully tailored, it is easily one of this season's smartest creations, being thoroughly up-to-date in all respects, and marvellously good value. The garment has plain panel back, cleverly shaped collar and revers, and the front has the new type mock-pocket trimming tier effect. Lined through with plain Art. Silk Taffeta, & provided with an all-round self-material belt which is neatly machine-stitched and fitted with ornold slide. In the shades of Sage Green, Clover, Delph Blue, and Rust. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. (Busts: 32 to 38ins.) Lengths: 46 to 50ins. Price 24/-

Terms: 3/- monthly.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Write for full range of Cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in the latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment required, with self-measurement form and full particulars. Sent per return Post Free. Styles and Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' and Girls' Fashions, & we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, Knitwear, Clothing, etc.

3/- Monthly

J. S. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Change the 'GETTING ILL' STATE OF MIND to the 'GETTING WELL!'

Many people have the gloomy fed-up feeling at the present time. The condition is brought about by petty illnesses, feverish colds, etc. They are apt to affect your mind—you imagine you are getting really ill, thus helping to make matters worse. Petty illnesses, feverishness, gloom, nerviness can be dispelled definitely by taking 'ASPRO' tablets. They lift a weight from your mind. You get the "getting well" feeling again, your troubles prove to be illusions. There is a definite reason for all this. The reason is that 'ASPRO', after ingestion in the system, attacks the causes of numerous complaints because it is a solvent of uric acid, a germicide or germ destroyer, an antipyretic or fever-reducer. Remember, 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart, neither does it upset the stomach, it acts quickly, there is no delay, no waiting.

'ASPRO' will banish a HEADACHE in 5 minutes! Read this:

Try 'ASPRO' and GET WELL

Landedowne,
Cape Flats, C.P.

Dear Sir,

'ASPRO' does all that is claimed for it. I have had toothache for three weeks. Then I saw an advertisement about 'ASPRO.' The first two tablets dispelled the toothache.

My mother had continual headaches for the past twenty years. So I gave her a trial of my 'ASPRO' tablets. It stopped the headache in 5 minutes. And now she feels a different woman. Headaches gone completely. I recommend them to all who suffer from pain.

Yours faithfully,
W. J. CAPES.

BAD COLD AND PAINS BANISHED

13 Baxter Road, Essex Road,
London, N.1.

Sir,

I have had a very bad cold in my head and pains in my limbs. I have found 'ASPRO' have done me the world of good and in future they will be the first thing I will go for.

Thanking 'ASPRO',
Yours faithfully,
B. BAYFORD.

DARE NOT BE WITHOUT 'ASPRO'

Normandy Hill,
Normandy, Surrey.

Dear Sirs,

I have great pleasure in writing to you about the value of 'ASPRO' tablets. There are no other tablets that act so quickly. We dare not be without them in the house.

My wife finds them very useful to her now as she is at middle age.

We always find 'ASPRO' the best relief for restless nights. My daughter is 21 years old. She takes it after a hard day's work. My two boys, aged 18 and 12 years, both use 'ASPRO' for colds. We have used 'ASPRO' tablets for many years and I have got many families to use them. In fact I tell all my friends about 'ASPRO.'

Yours sincerely,
TIMOTHY HALTON.

TAKE 'ASPRO' AND KEEP WELL

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to MedicalScience and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO Limited SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

KEEPS FREE FROM RHEUMATISM AND COLDS

Mrs. Whitehead, of 38, Kay Street, Middleton, writes:—Last winter I was never without a cold, which at last turned into rheumatism and I was in bed for weeks. When I started getting up I thought I would try 'ASPRO' as I had taken them for headaches and they had always banished them. I was not long before I was feeling myself again and this winter I am glad to say I have never had one cold.

I take two 'ASPRO' tablets every night, and they keep me free from rheumatism and colds. Twelve months ago I thought I would never walk again and now I am better than ever.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

STOMACH TROUBLE UNDERWEIGHT, NERVES, The Results of MALNUTRITION!

You'll be amazed how quickly, by overcoming MALNOURISHMENT (lack of Minerals, Vitamins and Iodine in daily food) you get New Strength, Energy, Calm Nerves, Firm Flesh, Rich Blood and Banish Stomach Troubles, and Deficiency Diseases such as Goitre, Rheumatism, Constipation.

"VIKELP" Tablets, amazing concentrate from the sea, considered the world's richest source of essential life-giving Minerals, Vitamins and Iodine, will normalise your weight and give you the strong, healthy body that makes men and women so admired.

Here's new hope and encouragement for the thousands of weak, underweight, suffering, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry — who are nervous, irritable, always ill or ailing. Science says the principal cause of these run-down conditions is MALNOURISHMENT ("GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS, VITAMINS AND FOOD IODINE"). When these glands do not work properly all the food in the world can't help you — it just isn't turned into flesh — and you stay malnourished, pale, tired-out, thin, run-down. A martyr to stomach ailments.

The most important gland — the Thyroid — which actually controls body weight and strength — needs a definite evenly balanced ration of 10 *organic minerals plus natural assimilable* IODINE. To get an adequate supply of these essential life-giving minerals, indispensable vitamins and food iodine, take "Vikelp" Tablets — made of an amazing Pacific Ocean Sea Plant — now recognised as the world's richest source of these precious substances. After eating them for a few days the food you eat no longer clogs the system but turns to solid flesh; faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism and systemic illnesses, all due to malnourishment, are corrected or disappear entirely. Try them for only 10 days, and if after taking them you do not feel wonderful, sleep, eat and work better and have not gained extra lbs. should you be underweight *the trial is free!* Vikelp is now obtainable everywhere without that salty ocean taste, many prefer this new tasteless tablet.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Cut out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you, absolutely free, a fascinating 50-page book on How to Add Weight if needed—Banish Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, and Anæmia. Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE, and VITAMINS. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J B. 5/3, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

VIKELP MINERAL-VITAMIN DIET TREATMENT

CONSTIPATION

Conquered by 100-year-old remedy

If you suffer from Constipation, Indigestion, Flatulence, Headache, Rheumatism, or Liver and Stomach troubles, try Dr. Scott's Brand Bilious and Liver Pills, a genuine old-fashioned vegetable remedy, gentle in action and perfectly safe.

Dr Scott's Bilious & Liver Pills BRAND

6D., 1/3, & 3/- (Treble Quantity)

Trial size 6d. from all Chemists, or 7½d. post free from W. Lambert & Co., Ltd., Dept. 11, 238, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Frame 19, 21, or 23in. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Lustervescent adjust. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims. Raising Pedals. Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. 'Hold all' Stay. Reflector. Accessories. £4.17.6 or 6/- monthly. Ladies' Model free wheel, fixed sprocket, 2 brakes, £5.4.6 or 6/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogues Free.

6/- NOW

Specified Hornsea Red or Black as desired.

J. S. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

RECORD *1-WEEK* HOLIDAY X-WORD OFFER

WIN **£20** MONTHLY FOR LIFE

plus **£20** HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY

and **£500** Cash

OR ONE MONSTER LUMP SUM OF 2000 GUINEAS

"HOLIDAYS With EXTRA Pay!" is the slogan of "John Bull's" Monster Holiday Campaign, opening with the Record One-week Offer now before you.

During the next few weeks, Crossword Holiday Prizes value £10,000 will be awarded—and you can be amongst the first to benefit by entering for this week's Monster 3-in-1 Holiday First of £20 Monthly for Life, £20 Holiday Cheque Yearly and £500 Cash.

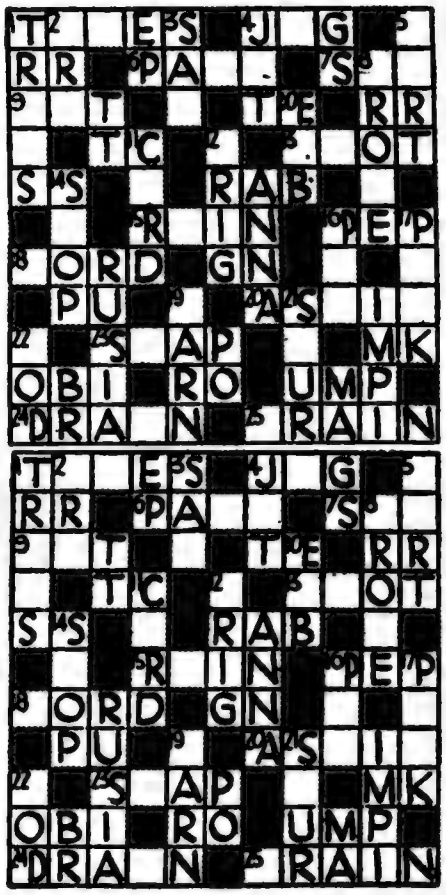
Remember—it is open ONE WEEK ONLY and no further Entry Forms will appear in these pages. Start NOW and see that your entry is in by Saturday, May 28.

HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheets as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 110. Closing Sat., May 28.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

CROSSWORD No. 110, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Time-Sava ENTRY SHEET X-Word No. 110. Closing Sat. MAY 28.

Study these Clues

ACROSS

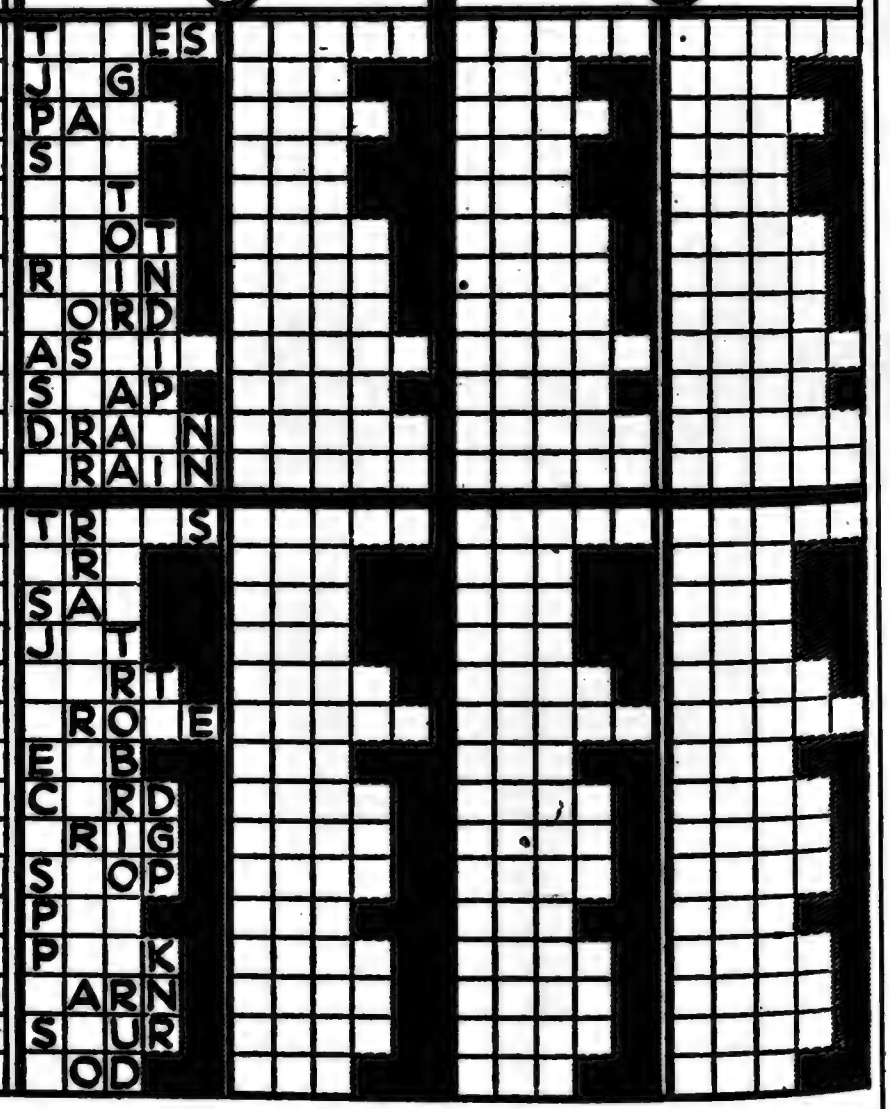
1. May be the kind used for tests
4. Often goes quickly
6. This in chase is made fast
7. Health resort in despair
9. Industrious little insect
13. Cleaning this sometimes results in shine
15. Navvies occasionally have to work in
18. People sometimes stumble in the middle of one
20. On the move
23. Is left in water quite a time when washing
24. Cheque is occasionally this on bank
25. Guard is sometimes needed for

DOWN

1. Kiddies often come downstairs on these
2. Vase in Burnley
3. Poor one is sometimes very blunt
4. Spout at end of gas-pipe
5. Player occasionally aims at one
8. Is often keen and penetrating
10. Flow back
11. Sometimes seen on pastries in shop window
12. Master should know how to handle
14. Visitors who do this in a town are often welcomed by tradesmen
16. Sometimes useful in kitchen
17. Slice of this is sometimes cut off
19. Most of us know an old one with rats in it
21. Is sometimes calculated to make willing horse do more
22. Children don't like taste of

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d ENTRY-FEE

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d ENTRY-FEE



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All-word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at those points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 110 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of correct X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and endorse

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

opens £10,000 CAMPAIGN

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

£150 HOLIDAY BONUS

between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" receives entry-fee of 2s. or over, all coupons to be in same envelope and bear same name and address.

HURRY! CLOSING SAT. MAY 28

Pension, £350 and Free Holiday won outright in X-word No. 107.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 107 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious Set of Answers for one Square (see right) was the following competitor :—

V. M. SKINNER,
15, Newnham Gardens, Greenford, Middx.

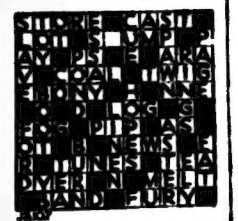
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive £5 Monthly for Life, £350 Cash and Free Holiday for Two, or a lump sum of £650 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 24, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 67 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive £1 9s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 483 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point SLUMP and STUMP were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2.

WINNING WORDS No. 107

ACROSS.—1. STORE. 5. CAST. 8. SLUMP or STUMP. 9. COAL. 10. TWIG. 11. EBONY. 14. LOG. 16. PIP. 20. TUNES. 21. DYER. 22. BARD. 23. FURY.

DOWN.—1. SLAVE. 2. TOY. 3. CUE. 4. SPAWN. 6. PAGE. 7. POND. 8. RINGS. 12. BOOT. 13. HOPES. 14. LINEN. 15. FORD. 17. ASTER. 18. BURN. 19. EAT. 20. TEA.

EXTRA ENTRY FORMS FREE

For this special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. For extra Entry Forms send penny postcard to "John Bull's" "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./ ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Saturday, May 28, 1938.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Save" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, June 9. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 14, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, 2,000 Guinea cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

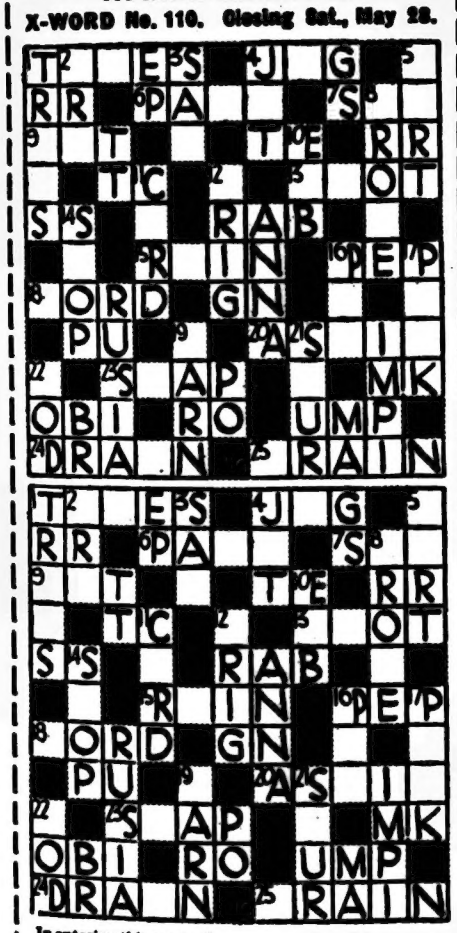
6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 29.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 110. Closing Sat., May 28.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose-

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

TO HELP YOU WIN

The greatest possible assistance to would-be Crossword winners is a study of the Reasons for the Adjudication Committee's findings, published each week in JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Save" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 110. Closing Sat. MAY 28.

Study these Clues

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE

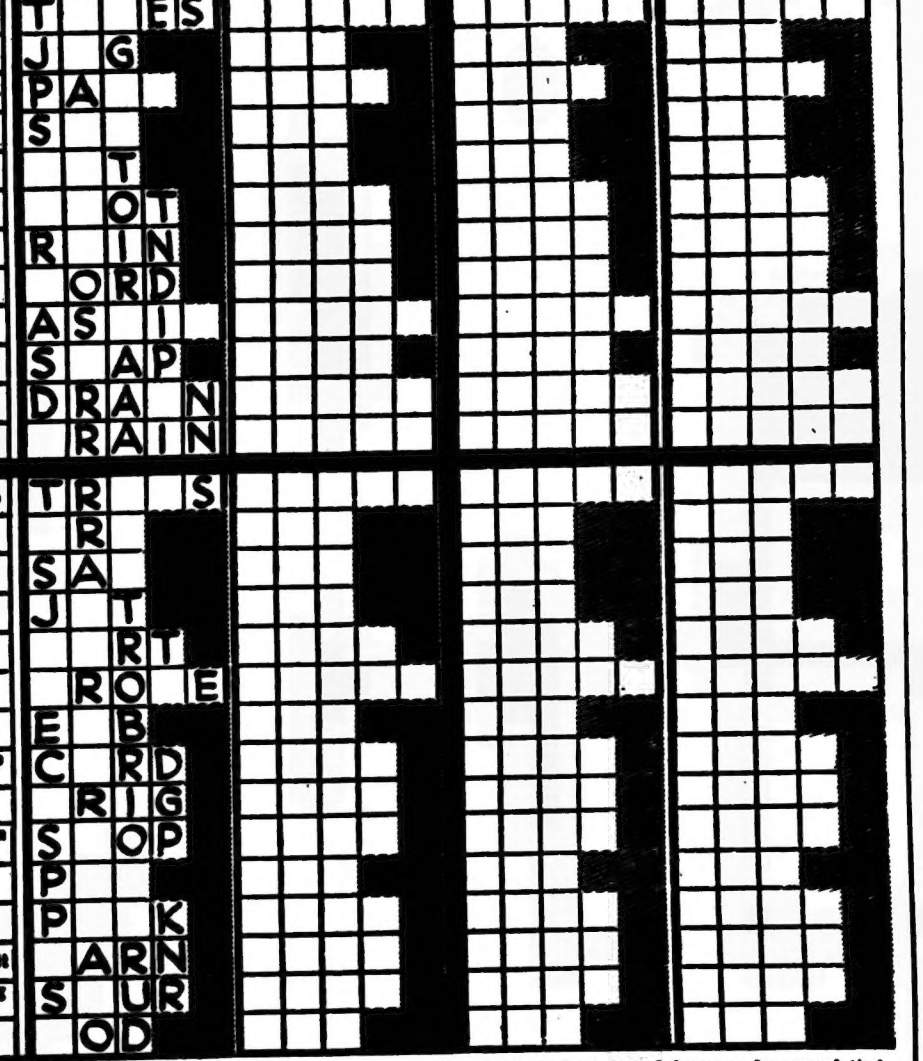
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d. ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

1. May be the kind used for tests
4. Often goes quickly
9. This in chaos is made fast
7. Health resort in despair
8. Industrious little insect
13. Cleaning this sometimes results in shine
16. Navvies occasionally have to work in
18. People sometimes stumble in the middle of one
20. On the move
23. Is left in water quite a time when washing
24. Cheque is occasionally this on bank
25. Guard is sometimes needed for

DOWN

1. Kiddies often come downstairs on these
2. Vase in Burnley
3. Poor one is sometimes very blunt
4. Spout at end of gas-pipe
5. Player occasionally aims at one
8. Is often keen and penetrating
10. Flew back
11. Sometimes seen on pastries in shop window
12. Master should know how to handle
14. Visitors who do this in a town are often welcomed by tradesmen
16. Sometimes useful in kitchen
17. Slice of this is sometimes cut off
19. Most of us know an old one with rats in it
21. Is sometimes calculated to make willing horse do more
22. Children don't like taste of



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P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To avoid Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

STOMACH PAIN IS NATURE'S WIRELESS

Don't Wait for the S.O.S.

Nature has many ways of warning the sufferer from stomach trouble that all is not well. Heaviness or dullness after eating, distension of the stomach, flatulence ("wind"), heartburn—these are warning symptoms not to be ignored.

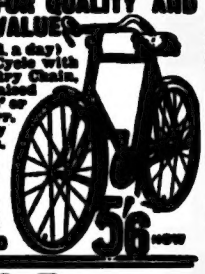
In many cases, even the majority, no serious consequence will ensue provided action is taken at once to get rid of the cause. Mostly this is acidity which eats into the stomach walls until it is corrected. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder neutralises acidity from the first dose. It has cured thousands of a stomach condition that was fraught with really serious danger—the dreaded gastric or duodenal ulcer.

But it must be MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which bears the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Do not risk your health by taking powder of which you know nothing. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets; also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d.

RELIEVED NURSE'S RHEUMATISM

"May I say that 'Urace' Brand Tablets have been of untold value to me in my last go of Rheumatism—in fact have done more for me than any other treatment tried."—Nurse E. H. W., London. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLEURET" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £4:10:0 or 6/6 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:15:0 Terms: 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles' & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/6 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Kill Kidney Germs—Gain Health

Your Kidneys have 9 million tubes, endangered by Germs caused by Colds, Bad Teeth, Tonsils and infections. Ordinary medicine doesn't kill the germ cause of Kidney Trouble. Kill Kidney Germs the scientific way with Cystex—don't smash up health.

If you are compelled to Get up Nights, have Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Lost Appetite and Energy, etc., Cystex will end your pain in 2 hours. In 24 hours you will feel better still; in 8 days you are fitter and stronger than since Kidney Trouble gripped you. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. From all Chemists—a fair offer.

Would You Like to have GREAT STRENGTH?

—then you should not overlook the offer on page 33. Full particulars of a simple course of physical culture carried out in your home will be sent in return for the Coupon completed with your name and address.

TURN TO PAGE 33.

The Editor Laughs Last

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BIRMINGHAM POST:—". . . but Parr kept out of reach, and in turn troubled his opponent with two-FISHED attacks."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—". . . to proceed with an application for a PARENT. He has recently designed a novel type of bedside lamp . . ."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"There was a MILK thrill about the finish for second place . . ."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"'The corner-stone of our defence policy,' said Mr. Chamberlain, 'must be the security of the UNTIED Kingdom.'"

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"The Israelites in the DESSERT—first part of the Oratorio by . . ."

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send, with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

TILLY (Tottenham). — "Nothing appeals to me more than a big brass band." Not even a plain gold one?

S. L. (Worcester).—"The Australians are the finest fellows out." That's how our bowlers like to see them.

L. U. (Brighton).—"It was a popular song I sang, but the audience didn't seem to like it." You mean it was a popular song before you sang it.

H. D. (Hastings).—"Already my poetry is being read by twice as many people as before." So you've married since you started writing?

R. B. (Exeter).—"People should be forbidden by law to speak to anyone to whom they have not been introduced." We don't care for wireless talks, either.

GAMES MASTER (Alton). — "I forced our sprinter to lay off food for a day or so and it increased his speed considerably." You made him fast.

* * *

A. G. (Maesteg).—"It may seem strange to you, but I am down and out and glad of it." Been up for your first aeroplane trip?

O. L. (Sutton).—"What type of man is the ideal after-dinner speaker?" The one who says "Waiter, give me the bill for both of us."

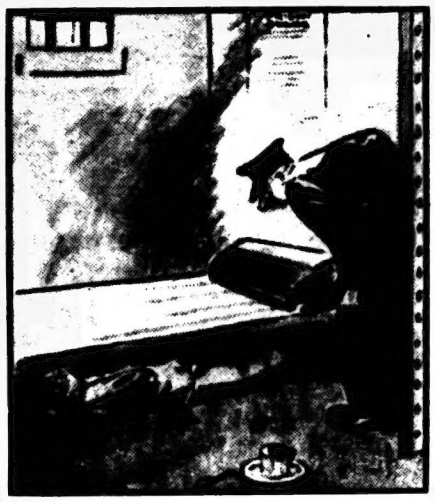
G. F. (Clacton).—"My son fancies himself as a bowler, but the first ball he sent down I knocked clean out of the ground, and the next ball I treated in the same way." See letter below.

S. L. (Clacton).—"My neighbour played cricket on the lawn with his son yesterday, and twice I had to throw the ball back from my garden." See letter above.

CONDUCTOR (Ealing).—"The passenger exceeded his fare, but I refused to let him get the better of me in the argument that followed." You told him just where he got off.

* * *

B. N. (Stonehaven).—"I waited a terrible time at the telephone booth until the old man came out. He told me he was ninety-two years of age." We wonder how old he was when he went into the booth.



"I'm sorry, it's force of habit—I'm in here for travelling on the railway without paying my fare!" (From the "Passing Show.")

D. J. (Diss).—"What can a man earning two hundred pounds a year want with a car?" Petrol.

S. L. (Abertillery).—"My wife made a cake out of the cookery book." That's difficult to swallow.

B. M. (Witham).—"A last-minute rush ruined my week-end at the seaside." Ah, that boarding-house bill again.

N. N. (Risca).—"Have you any prejudice against thirteen at table?" Yes, when there's only food enough for twelve.

K. M. H. (Weston).—"Where do we find French windows mostly in use?" In France.

P. B. (Bunday).—"The modern girl is not so black as she is painted." Or so sun-tanned.

F. N. V. (Hove).—"If puddles aren't a sign of cheap road construction, what are they a sign of?" Rain.

A. B. (Radstock).—"I want a bright, honest, industrious and polite servant." You're lucky to be able to afford four.

A. E. F. (Guildford).—"Who will deny that estate agents often overestimate the worth of property?" Estate agents.

O. M. (Leicester).—"Can you lend me a fiver for a month, old boy?" What on earth does a month old boy want with a fiver?

MRS. R. J. (Acton).—"She seems to enjoy working in the firm of fur merchants where she is employed." You mean she's wrapped up in her work.

D. N. (Hampstead).—"Who, I wonder, will be bearing the white man's burden in fifty years' time?" Golf caddies, as usual, we expect.

U. T. (Finchley).—"To convince my wife how busy I am all day long, I showed her my office ledger." You brought it home to her, eh?

ATHLETE (Chingford).—"It was a long time before he understood the correct way to take the baton in a relay race." He was slow to grasp it, eh?

W. R. (Gloucester).—"My idea of a clever woman is one who can see the point of a joke." Ours is the woman who can laugh at a joke when she doesn't see its point.

AMATEUR (Northampton).—"I am trying to compose a piece of music that will unlock people's hidden emotions but am unable to make a start." Can't you find the right key?

* * *

S. A. (London, S.E.).—"I am a 'bus-conductor and have often wondered what I should do if my 'bus ran backwards." Change the destination boards, of course.

T. M. (Shaleham).—"The man who is too thrustful in his activities will sooner or later find himself out of his depth." Especially if he happens to be punting at the time.

J. T. C. (Bootle).—"When will colour photography become possible for the ordinary camera?" You can get colour films already—and those 50 Prize Cameras offered this week with *Bullets* cash can take excellent colour pictures.

G. B. (Barmouth).—"I do not believe in taking games too seriously but much prefer just to let things rip." Then we shall not invite you round to our house to play billiards.

FAN (Paddington).—"A certain Hollywood actress says she intends to give up her film career after her forthcoming marriage." This, we understand, is her invariable rule.

K. M. (Nuneaton).—"I hacked my way through the almost impenetrable jungle, chopping and slashing at the thick undergrowth." The garden does get in a terrible mess during a fortnight's holiday, doesn't it?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Dad . . . **Dished!** **by Maz**

50 CASH-plus-CAMERA PRIZES - THIS ONE WEEK ONLY!

WIN £300 CASH PLUS CAMERA

£100 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE	£50 plus CAMERA
	£25 plus CAMERA
	£10 plus CAMERA
£9 £8 £7 £6 £5	EACH PLUS CAMERA
£4 10 of £3	30 of 10s
200 of 2/6	6,000 MYSTERY PRIZES

YOUR CAMERA

Splendid portraits, groups and landscapes can be taken with this "Soho" Folding Camera. Extra £5 prize for best snapshot taken with Prize Camera.

COMPLETE DARTS OUTFIT IF PREFERRED

£5 EXTRA PRIZE for BEST SNAPSHOT TAKEN WITH PRIZE CAMERA

THINK of what a golden summer this would be for you and yours if a gay "Greetings" telegram were suddenly to name you winner of this week's £300 in immediate cash! Indeed, you could find good uses galore for any of this week's *Bullets* cheques—and you can win one by spending an amusing half-hour with the *Examples* on this page.

Moreover, as a reasonable extra attraction this week, JOHN BULL will be presenting to each of the first 50 winners of cash prizes, ranging from 10s. all the way up to £300, a handy "Soho" folding Camera—and sending a £5 cheque to the winner who produces the best snapshot with his prize.

Somebody, remember, must get that golden Joy Wire on Friday, June 10, and a few simple words linked with one of the *Examples* may well bring the fine Cash-plus-Camera First Prize to you.

In next week's JOHN BULL you will find a sensational *Bullets* Life Pension Offer, bringing within your reach the Only Must-Be-Won Pension in the competition world to-day. You will need all the practice you can get to be ready for a mighty effort to capture that lifelong income, so begin on this week's *Examples* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below.

'BULLETS' 1,118 RESULT

First Prize, £350 Cash plus Surprise Award:

J. S. VOCE, 428, Queen's Drive, Liverpool.

Example: WORTH SPEAKING TO
Bullet: AND "PARTING FOR," PEACE.

£50 PLUS SURPRISE AWARD:

R. DENNIS, 12, Chaucer Street, C.-on-M., Manchester.
Example: Empire's Shop-window
Bullet: "Treat" Sandy Offers *World!*

£25 PLUS SURPRISE AWARD:

Miss L. CREEK, "Lawn Villa," Teft, Cambs.
Example: World We Dream About
Bullet: World's "Sleeping Soldiers" Demand.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: J. LIGHTBURN, 69, Blundell Drive, Southport.
World We Dream About—World More "We" About.

£9: W. HORSEY, 36, Kempshott Road, London, S.W.
In Uniform—"Geese" Pore—Peace Goes.

£8: Mrs. A. J. RACEY, Elm, nr. Wisbech, Cambs.
Auntie's Alsatian—Ruined Slippers—Saved "Stocking."

£7: F. SYKES, 24, Edith Grove, London, S.W.
Staggered—Plodder, Distance He'd Come.

£6: W. H. WILSON, 17, Dingley Avenue, Liverpool.
World We Dream About—Scampering Feet—No "Foot-slogging."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£5: E. C. PINNELL, 6, Church Row, Bourton, Swindon, Wilts.
Worth Sticking To—Garden Evidently Thinks *Father!*

£4: P. SCOTLAND, 12, Ralston Street, Airdrie, N.B.
World We Dream About—Achievable—Are Chiefs Able?

10 OF £3 EACH:

C. J. ARCHER, 69, Norman Road, Sutton, Surrey.
Now We've A Caravan—We've "View" *Without* "Room."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

S. BRADSHAW, 99, Claremont Road, Liverpool.
At The Recruiting Office—Answering His *Stomach's* "Call."

A. BROWN, 150, Blacker Road, Birkby, Huddersfield.
Avalanche Of Work—"Burying Our Lambs," Nightly.

C. DAVIES, 69, Blenheim Road, Walthamstow, London, E.
At The Recruiting Office—Grandad—"Heart" Good, Anyway!

E. EDWARDS, Deepdene, Dawlish Road, Teignmouth.
They Look Good, But—Employer Can't Engage *Queue!*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. FIDLER, 16, Marlborough Road, Bournemouth West.
Now We've A Caravan—Healthier—Between Every Child!

T. HOPLEY, 2, Glynview Villas, Larne, N. Ireland.
Seared Away—"Gulls," Prospectus Looking "Plain."

J. S. KAYE, 9, Green Lane, Liverpool.
Shock For Mother—Bath Revealed *Neighbour's* Son!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. R. ROBERTSON, Whitekirk Mains, Prestonkirk, East Lothian.
Took Me Back—To Annoy My Mother!

E. G. WALL, 186, Capworth Street, Leyton, London, E.
Staggered — Blackmailer, "Meet The Bailiff!"

£30 in Bonuses.—This week's cash prize *Bullets* included 19 using the Bonus word "PEACE." In accordance with special offer for Competition No. 1,118, senders of these *Bullets* will each receive £2 12s. 6d. as Bonus share.

A list of 25 10s. and 200 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for £401 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,117 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. A. Wilson, 1-3, Hare Hall Lane, Gidea Park, Essex.

HOW TO WIN

TO win one of this week's 50 Cash-plus-Camera prizes all the judges ask of you is TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to your chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that to the *Example*, WHEN AUNTIE WENT BATHING, you had added the rough note, *Sea Perfectly Calm—Crowd All Laughing*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, WHEN AUNTIE WENT BATHING—SEA QUIET—CROWD "ROARED."

To help you further, study the good points of the winning *Bullets* in Contest No. 1,118 on this page and then start on your own efforts without delay, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, May 28.

SAVE 2½d.—

New Service for Readers

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to "John Bull" address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,122, and Crossword No. 176, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

BRITANNIA'S HOME
TONIC FOR THE TAXPAYER
KEYSTONE OF PEACE
LEAVING THE SLUMS
NATURE'S EXHIBITION
WHAT RADIO DOES
PROBLEM FOR THE MAGISTRATE
I SUSPECT
THE PEDESTRIAN JUMPED AND
SIMPLE LIFE
HORRIFIED
PITY THE DONKEY WHEN
MISERABLE SINNER
AT THE HOLIDAY CAMP
ON WASHING DAY
QUEER FISH
TO MEET HIS BILLS
POWERFUL WEAPON
COOKED THE ACCOUNTS
BEACH INSPECTOR
HENPECK'S LEARNING BOXING, SO
QUARRELSOME COUPLE
CALL OF THE SEA
WHEN SOMEONE PROPOSED
LONG VOYAGE
THANKS TO THE LAWYERS
OTHER PEOPLE
TO CATCH A THIEF
OUR STATION
LIKE A CHAMPION
WHEN AUNTIE WENT BATHING
DOWN LOVER'S LANE

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

(1,122) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., May 28. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, MAY 28.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

(1,122) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., May 28. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,122 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose two or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,122 all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE as privilege of JOHN BULL readership.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,122 usually purchase "John Bull."

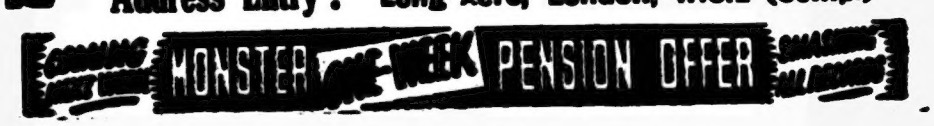
READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co/. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,122, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)



How can you Get SLIM for Summer

MAKE sure of having a lovely slim figure this Summer with the aid of Bile Beans. Start taking Bile Beans now—just a couple nightly before getting into bed—and soon that surplus fat will melt away, leaving graceful curves and slender lines.

Apart from improving your health, just think how much nicer you are going to look in your summery dresses and on the beach in your new swim suit.

Bile Beans being compounded from vegetable extracts have a gentle natural action, and can be taken regularly with perfect safety.

"At a party the other day I was the only one not a member of a Gym Club. And yet I was told I had the most perfect figure of all. My friends could hardly credit I was once overweight, but I proved with photographs that nightly Bile Beans had rid me of excess fat and made me healthily slim."

Miss M. K. W-B., Harrow.

* * *

"I work in a large shop, and hardly a day passes without someone telling me what a lovely figure I have. I owe this entirely to Bile Beans, which have reduced my weight by over twenty pounds."

Miss E. L. M., Nottingham.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

Improve Your Health as well as your Figure

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